Saturday Night

April 18, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

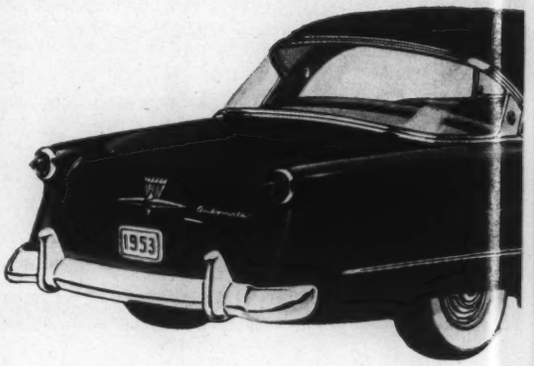
The purpose of a road is to carry traffic from one point to another; how it is built and where it goes depends on the type of traffic it is to bear. If it is built primarily for military purposes, it must carry troops and their weapons from depots and assembly points to within a reasonable distance of where they expect to do their fighting, and this means that the builders must have a pretty good idea of where the fighting will take place and how serious it will be.

Authorities in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan want the Federal Government to help build a $400 million network of military roads through the West. They are vulnerable, they say, and they need such a highway system to carry armored vehicles and heavy columns of troops to all vital points in the West and Northwest. It would give their appeal greater power if they supported the broad references to "defence" and "vulnerability" with specific arguments concerning probable and possible lines of enemy attack and scale of invasion.

If they base their case for the roads on military requirements rather than civilian needs, they must be prepared

Vincent Thomas

AMELIA HALL: From Ottawa to the Stratford Festival *(Page 4)*



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

to answer questions which probe deeply into the whole strategy of defence of the West. For example, there is the matter not only of where an enemy would attack, and in what force, but from where would come the tanks and troops which would be rushed to meet the enemy.

It may be that the primary requirement of western defence is not a network of highways, but a system of military bases, planned and equipped for even speedier transfer of troops and weapons than is possible by road. It may be that the roads built specifically for defence either will not serve civilian needs or will cramp those needs into an unnatural pattern of transportation.

Defence, then, makes a very uncertain basis for a plea for roads. Much sounder is the proposition that Western Canada needs roads first for the development of the country itself, for the better exchange of commerce and for greater ease of communication. Here the western provinces are on firm ground. With long distances, rugged terrain and sparse populations, they have great financial and physical problems. The Federal Government acknowledged these problems, along with the national importance of highways, at the Dominion-Provincial Conference in 1945, when it proposed to give assistance in the building of the Trans-Canada Highway, international connections, new access roads, approaches to national parks and other "approved" projects.

By all means let us have roads that span the country, but let them serve first our peaceful needs.

Bombs in Paradise

WE HAVE been pondering the significance of an advertisement which appeared recently in the Toronto Globe and Mail. The heading blared: For sale BOMB FORTIFICATION. Then in small type came: "18-room former millionaire's architect-designed residence overlooking beautiful lake. Most of cellar blasted out of solid rock with heavy concrete walls. Hot water heated, Hydro power, telephone, rock well, running water. Suite and rooms with private bath. Two fireplaces. Two cottages, 3-car garage, stable and other outbuildings. Good gravel road, close to highway, in sportsman's paradise. Seaplane base."

Apparently the most attractive feature of this residence, from a salesman's point of view, is the cellar blasted out of solid rock, with heavy concrete walls. It's nice to sit in a fine, big house set in the middle of a sportsman's paradise, and look out on a beautiful lake. But without the cellar, of course, one really could not enjoy it; there would always be the nagging worry about stray bombs making a mess of things.

Reprieve for Julie

MISS JULIE HARRIS is a young lady with the lovely freshness of a schoolgirl; she is just 5 feet 3 inches tall; and she is a very talented actress. And because of all this, she seemed sentenced to childish roles, until she got a reprieve in *I am a Camera*, the John van Druten play which will be at the Royal Alexandra in Toronto next week.

"There have been times," she told us, "when I felt that if I had to play any more adolescent juveniles I would just *scream*. There was nothing wrong with the parts, of course. They did me a lot of good, and in addition to that I've been very lucky. But after all! First there was that precocious child-bride Ida Mae in *Sundown Beach*; she was supposed to be 15, and that was bad enough, because I was 22 at the time. But the same year, I portrayed a 16-year-old in *The Young and Fair* — that was the first time the New York critics voted me 'most promising', by the way—and next year I was a teenager in *Montserrat*.

"But that wasn't anything like the end of it. The next thing I did was to play a 12-year-old—young Frankie, the lonely kid in *The Member of the Wedding*. I must admit that I could see myself in that part, and I enjoyed it immensely—we filmed it in Hollywood last year—but I was beginning to have a strange feeling about all this adolescent stuff."

We suggested that the role of the slovenly wanton in *I was a Camera* must have brought her more than ordinary pleasure. "Oh, it did!" she said. "This part was a wonderful break for me. It's the first time I've played my own age (26), and Mr. van Druten was marvelous. After the audition he didn't say anything much to me, just chattered vaguely about the type of production he wanted, and so on. After a while I just couldn't stand it, and I burst out 'do I get the part?' And do you know, he was quite *casual* about it. He just said 'of course.' I nearly wept."

The critics have been excited, too. Her acting of the role has won her four New York awards, including the Drama League's "best actress" medal.

JULIE HARRIS receiving the Drama League's "best actress" medal from actor-director John Cromwell.

Mr. Gromyko Bored

IN THE COURSE of one recent speech, Andrei Gromyko (Mr. Vishinsky's echo in the Soviet delegation to the United Nations) described Greece as "a sort of American vassal," The Netherlands as "the country of American bases that grow like tulip bulbs," Cuba as "the main sugar plantation of the American monopolies," Turkey as "prepared to kowtow before any United States proconsul." This was more or less ordinary stuff, and Mr. Gromyko has given much better performances in the past. But his description of Canada delighted us: "This boring second fiddle in the American symphony." When the Soviet delegates say they're bored, it means they have been out-argued. It's nice to know that our representatives at the UN are doing such a good job.

Troubled and Confused

WE MADE a mistake in our recent comment on the Emergency Powers Act. We described Justice Minister Garson as a troubled, thoughtful man. After Mr. Garson's fulminations against us in the House of Commons, it was apparent that he was troubled; the second adjective should have been "confused."

We have read Mr. Garson's long statement, as reported by *Hansard*, several times, but we can find in it no reason for changing our opinion on the Act he defended with so much heat. Technically, it is not possible to pass a secret order-in-council under the Act, but here, in Mr. Garson's own words, is how the Government gets around this minor difficulty:

"We passed that order-in-council under the more limited powers of the Emergency Powers Act and then, invoking the provision in the Regulations Act, we passed another order-in-council exempting the original or first order-in-council from publication."

It doesn't matter how anyone juggles the words, the order was passed under the Act, and it is secret — so secret that the Prime Minister did not want to burden the leaders of the Opposition parties with detailed knowledge of it.

Mr. Garson also made much of the fact that the Act does not give the Government power of arrest. To quote the Minister of Justice again: "The Emergency Powers Act expressly states that the governor has no power to make regulations in relation to arrest, except as incidental to proceedings to enforce its own regulations." The exception negates the whole statement. If a regulation is passed, it must be enforced, and enforcement cannot help but involve restriction of liberty.

We cannot agree with Mr. Garson that we should not "slander" the laws of our country. We do not believe for one moment that all our laws are good laws. Some of them are bad laws, and the Emergency Powers Act is very bad. If no one had dared to "slander" the laws of his country in the past, most of us would still be slaves.

A Taste for Pork

CANADIANS ate more pork than any other meat last year, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, and this should make Agriculture Minister Gardiner very happy indeed, because he has a lot of pork on his hands. It was decided to buy and can pork when an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease closed the American market. Now the Government has about 73 million pounds of canned pork, after selling 25 million pounds at a loss of $6,075,000.

It costs 46 cents per 12-ounce tin to buy and can the pork. The Government has been selling it at 30 cents a tin. If Mr. Gardiner and his aides manage to sell all the tins, they'll be tapping the public till for another $18 million or so, to put the loss on the whole deal at about $24 million—just a little more, probably, than the $23 million needed to balance the accounts on Mr. Gardiner's masterly beef dicker with Britain, New Zealand and the United States. All Mr. Gardiner has to worry about now is that Canadians, for one reason or another, might suddenly lose their taste for pork.

Need Private Savings

WESTERN Europe's principal industrial countries, Britain, France and West Germany, are finding out what happens when that forgotten man, the private saver, gets kicked around too much. Each of the three countries is beginning to show the effects of reduced individual savings — a reduction that went almost unnoticed in the excitement over "fair shares," "full employment" and such.

While Britain has managed to increase production in an amazing man-

The Front Page

ner, she has been putting into the maintenance and improvement of her basic industrial plant "hardly enough to keep it going, much less to expand it," according to a recent economic report. In France and Germany, any improvement has been largely the result of outside aid.

It means that the money of the saver, the man who buys a bond or a share of stock instead of spending whatever he can on pleasure, is not going into places where it can be spent on improvement and expansion of productive capacity. Some companies plow their profits back into plant and equipment instead of paying them out in taxes and dividends, but this means the development only of going concerns and does nothing to encourage the new ventures which are needed to keep an economy competitive and healthy.

Some administrators and economists in the three countries are beginning to use language which has a medieval flavor, because it has been out of fashion for so long: more incentives for saving and investment, lower taxes on industry and on incomes high enough to be a source of saving, and sharp cutting of spending by governments.

The CCF Decline

THE DECLINE of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation as a political force is matched by the increasing intellectual sterility of its leading exponents. While waiting for the hard times which they hope will make Canadian voters more receptive to their theories of a tightly-controlled economy, the CCF leaders have failed utterly to devise any attractive formula for good times.

An example of this poverty of thought was given in the House of Commons recently by the national CCF chieftain, M. J. Coldwell. He presented a petition signed by more than 100,000 people, calling on the Government to enact "a comprehensive national health plan which would provide for all our citizens, irrespective of their income, full medical, dental, optical and other health care." Such a petition, of course, is meaningless. Any group with a fair amount of organization can whip up a petition, give it a "something for nothing" tag, and get thousands of signatures.

While a petition was being presented to the Government as the sum of the federal CCF effort, the Ontario leader of the party, E. B. Jolliffe, was telling a convention in Toronto that welfare legislation is "sufficiently advanced" in Canada today to permit the CCF to shift its emphasis to the question of the country's economic development. It was Mr. Jolliffe's speech that revealed, more than any petition could, the inability of the CCF to fit a Socialist philosophy to the realities of a dynamic, expanding society.

"We must develop a fuller understanding of agriculture, transportation, mining, banking, credit policies and our intricate trade relations with other countries," Mr. Jolliffe said, in as frank a confession of failure as any aspiring politician has made within our memory. Not so long ago the CCF claimed to have the answers to all those problems.

Through all the recent pronouncements of the CCF runs this uncertainty. There is, too, a note of nostalgia for the good old days of business depression. "We are living in the midst of a capitalist boom," Mr. Jolliffe said. "It is a boom which no one can take pride or credit in . . ." No one, that is, except those whose energy, skill and courage give vigor to a nation.

Phony Decorations

A NEW and flourishing industry in Italy is frowned on by the authorities, but it will survive in one form or another as long as there are people who like to flaunt decorations and titles without going to the trouble of earning them. Some enterprising Italians are selling memberships in such knightly "orders" as "St. George of Belgium," "Red Eagle of St. Cyril of Jerusalem," and "St. Brigid of Sweden."

This sort of thing will have a familiar ring to Canadians who served in Italy during the recent war. Neapolitans in particular showed great skill in the manufacture of dazzling military decorations, and they gave many a rookie a few hours of beribboned glory. Disillusionment came fast, of course—faster than it will to the present purchasers, some of whom may never learn that the worthless badge does not become a phony until someone struts about with it.

Kindly Administration

WHEN THE recent federal budget removed the nuisance of radio licences, it also removed the need for 115 civil servants in the Department of Transport. But the Government, considerate as ever, hastened to assure everyone that jobs for the 115 would be found elsewhere in the civil service. In other words, 115 new jobs would be created. Apparently it would be inhuman to suggest that the administrative machine could have puttered along without the 115. Economy is a harsh word, too brutal for the tender feelings of Government administrators; it must be kept to the cruel competitive world where survival depends on it.

Big Show Window

FOUR YEARS ago, when Charles Hoffman was a partner in a Montreal "management consultant" business, he was asked if he knew anybody who could handle the administrative details of a trade fair. "I was interested," he told us, when we visited him in an office littered with tiny cardboard models, half-completed charts and a pile of catalogues each two inches thick, "so I recommended myself and took the job. I've grown prouder and prouder of it ever since. Each year the fair gets bigger and its scope wider."

The fair is the International Trade Fair, which opens at the Canadian National Exhibition grounds in Toronto on June 4. Mr. Hoffman, a 175-lb. six-footer, had no time for personal details but was ready to talk at length about the job the Fair does for exhibitors and the interest it creates among businessmen in scores of countries.

"We have cases on record of businessmen from Brazil, who have flown in for one day's look and then gone back that night," he said. "Sometimes I get visitors in here who sit and chat for hours about their markets and what the Fair has done for them. A manufacturer of school furniture in the Maritimes told me once that only two or three days after the Fair opened one year he had booked so many orders he had to expand his plant to cope with them all."

He nodded in the direction of the cardboard models. "It won't be long before the exhibitors will be arriving, 1200 of them, and there'll be something like 70,000 visitors. They know it means business, and big business. Some of the letters we have on file are inspiring. We have testimonials from firms all over the world, telling us about increases in business since they started using our shop window."

Nott and Merrill

Charles C. Hoffman

Choice for Stratford

AMELIA HALL, whose picture appears on Page 1 of this issue, has a vague, dreamy manner that makes people want to protect her and look after her. They soon learn, however, that she needs such protection about as much as a '53 Rolls-Royce needs a new motor. Ever since she was in high school in Toronto back in the thirties, she has known exactly what she wanted to do and has been doing it, in various places and in various ways, with great energy and considerable skill. Her career started with study of the drama at the Royal Conservatory; it has reached one of its brightest hours with her selection as one of three Canadian actresses who will play leading roles at the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford this summer.

She is a versatile actress, with an understanding of the mechanics of stage presentation backed by varied professional experience. After leaving the Royal Conservatory, for example, she spent a couple of years in summer stock in the United States, studied during the winters, and then taught speech, drama and English to collegiate students in Ottawa. It was then she formed enduring links with Ottawa. In 1946 she was studying speech pathology at Columbia University and the following year was in Montreal for an open-air production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In Montreal, too, she played with the Repertory Theatre. When she decided, late in 1948, to give up teaching and devote all her time to the theatre proper, she joined the Canadian Art Theatre, then returned to Ottawa to help with the founding of the Ottawa Drama League's Children's Theatre.

After excursions to Edinburgh and London four years ago, she returned to Ottawa, and soon was deep in the affairs of the Canadian Repertory Theatre there. She is on the CRT operating committee, with Sam Payne and John Atkinson. She has directed some of the plays, and has acted everything from the mannish principal of a girls' school in *The Happiest Days of Your Life* to Ophelia in *Hamlet*. And her associates disregard that vague expression; they know her as a driver, who drives herself just as much as she does those working with her.

The Persistent Weeds

WITH APRIL showers giving plenty of early foot to growing things, the *New York Times* gloomily predicts that the year should be a memorable one, for weeds. Having fought a losing battle against weeds in flower and vegetable gardens for years, we can share the grim foreboding of the *Times* writer; but at the same time we must confess to a grudging admiration for the unwelcome growths.

For sheer persistence, a weed has no equal among living things. You can lop it, spray it, tear at its vitals, but somehow it will survive. Each spring man, who can exalt valleys and make the high places low, girds himself for his struggle against the weeds; he adds more and more weapons to his arsenal of destruction; and each autumn his proudest boast is that he almost licked the weeds this time — maybe next year he will succeed. This will go on, until the day when he finds some use for the weeds. Then he will cultivate them, and have just as much trouble keeping them alive as he once did getting rid of them.

Personal

JOHN A. IRVING's second article on Social Credit, which appears on page 7 of this issue, completes his study of Canada's youngest political movement. His first article, which appeared in the March 14 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, reviewed the theory and growth of Social Credit. In the second, Prof. Irving discusses the strength and weakness of the party as a national force.

Letters

Disgusting and Hysterical

AFTER CALMING down from the indignation caused by reading the letter headed "Royal Nonsense" in the issue of March 28, one realizes that nothing is more pitiful than the state of mind evidenced by the writer in his effort to discredit the place of the British monarchy in today's world. It is terrible that any educated person should show the lack of sensibility and understanding that he displays.

The Crown *is* a symbol of those things which remain unshaken and which hold the Commonwealth together. Canada is too young, too promising a country to be separated from those loyalties upon which her democracy should be founded . . .

Toronto MURIEL L. McMURRICH

THE DISGUSTING and hysterical guff of D. E. Livingston was read by most of your subscribers on the day that Queen Mary died. The loyal and loving tributes paid to her are a sufficient reply to the nonsense of that man.

Colborne, Ont. ALEX HARDIE

MR. D. E. LIVINGSTON is a man after my own heart. How few are the men to stand out bold and unafraid to speak their minds in this hotbed of aristo spies! . . .

Why do our noble fighting men burden themselves with the insignia of an outworn tradition? If they forgot about the trivial achievements of the past, they would avoid a lot of the neuroses they develop trying to live up to these vain shadows. And let's get rid of some of our other myths: free press, free speech, indeed! vile delusions of a rotten system! All these sources of Royalist misinformation must be muzzled, and the *Chicago Tribune* reprinted in all our cities so the sheep will get nothing but the unvarnished republican truth.

And let's get rid of some of our other delusions. We will all feel healthier for a clean sweep. Raze these churches, useless and ostentatious symbols of an outmoded set of values. They take up so much space in our cities we have no room for bowling alleys. The family unit—what an unproductive misconception! When will people realize that this affection and discipline they try to subject their children to interferes with their development by television and movies, and the little beasts will only be ungrateful as a result.

Toronto EDWARD ROSS

Profit Economy

THE A + B THEOREM, the basic concept of Major C. H. Douglas's theory of Social Credit, does not fully take into account the factor profit. This is an important omission. Ours is a profit economy. The value of accumulative profits in the selling price of any commodity represents an important part of its selling price. Each time material or labor is applied to the production of an article another profit is incorporated in its value. In the selling price of a complex item such as an automobile there are literally hundreds of exchanges from the coal and iron mines to the final automobile dealer's commission. We all know that, as labor, wages and salaries paid in the manufacture of our total national production represent only a portion of its total value, those receiving these wages and salaries cannot purchase all of these goods as we do not have enough money. Therefore we must find an export market for the goods which we cannot buy . . .

An idea which I think bears looking into is the dual concept of debt, i.e., individual and national . . . National debt is money owed by the collective members of a country to their government or in other words to ourselves.

JAMES DONALD

New Westminster, B.C.

Quiet Wisdom?

I TAKE exception to Mr. John A. Stevenson's statement in his Ottawa Letter in your issue of March 28. The United States is the only present strong arm of British policy. Like a bull in a china shop, they wander around causing discord and destruction, the debris of which is cleared and repaired by the quiet wisdom of the elder statesmen of the Commonwealth.

Renfrew, Ont. COLIN CLARKE

Farmer's Reply

YOUR FRONT PAGE reference in the issue of March 21 to agricultural support policies and the letter from Gerald Reed are proof of the fact that one half of the world does not understand how the other half lives.

We cannot dispute the fact that farmers live off the land, but the inference that they are becoming wealthy generally is not borne out by the fact that agriculture is neither able to attract nor hold workers and that there are today, in the city of Toronto, thousands of farmers successfully competing with labor after attempting for the past ten years and failing to make a satisfactory living from agriculture. . .

Organized labor might well be concerned with competition from workers who have not become enamoured of the eight-hour day, forty-hour week, workmen's compensation, minimum pay, the closed shop, and host of restrictions which urban society uses to protect itself.

We do not share the Hon. Mr. Gardiner's optimism in the face of declining farm prices and rising farm costs, but when you criticize price support policies you apparently overlook the fact that these policies protect the consumer by preventing scarcities and resulting high prices. In the absence of support prices at cost of production levels, farmers curtail production and the consumer will pay far more for goods in short supply than he has ever been asked to pay through taxation to finance agricultural price support . . .

New Perth, P.E.I. J. L. DEWAR

UNDER LETTERS, March 21, Gerald Reed, apparently no farmer, wants a little of the farmer's gravy. What gravy?

A farmer might ask Mr. Reed to take some of his spare time that must accumulate on a forty-hour week, and enlighten himself in respect to some of the gravy we do not get:

(1) Investigate how the farmers have subsidized the Canadian nation in respect to the cost of bread during the past ten years.

(2) Investigate what percentage of the Canadian population are farmers and find out what percentage of the national income they receive.

(3) Investigate what percentage of the consumer's dollar the producer of agricultural products receives.

Mr. Reed may have noticed that farmers do not strike. This type of protest is frowned upon by the majority of farmers who feel the ill will built up cannot be paid for in dollar gain . . .

Farmers are definitely open to a practical demonstration from any one in respect to the running and operating of a farm at a profit on a 40-hour work week.

Waskada, Man. FRED C. RAMSAY

American Control

RE THE recent interchange on Mr. Sedgwick's article on television:

There is no doubt in my mind that if we Canadians allow television to pass under American control and with American programs providing the determinative element in the items offered, we may as well sooner or later shut up shop: our future will be American. Persons who deny this are blind when they are not worse. They were characterized in Parliament as "virtually traitors". With this description I agree. It is not a matter of public vs private ownership—at least, that is a secondary aspect of the controversy. The point is that private ownership means American control. No amount of subterfuge can whittle that statement away.

Who is willing to join in an association for the defence of Canada through the defence of Canadian Television? I shall be glad to receive names.

Kingston, Ont. A. R. M. LOWER

Defends Stepinac

IN HIS article "nationalizing Europe's Churches" (March 28), Mr. Silcox relays the propaganda against Archbishop Stepinac issued by the *Yugoslav Information Centre*. He mentions the charges of collaboration with the enemy and of forcible conversions, and also the photographs which he calls "highly damaging;" but he does not seem to be aware that all this has been fully "explained and rebutted."

The opposition of the Communists to the Archbishop started only *after* the war, when they embarked on their usual campaign of persecution. *During* the war, he was their hero, whom they quoted in their radio broadcasts, and it was the Nazi occupiers and their Croat puppet government who complained against him.

The undeniable facts . . . were reported at the time by the leading Protestant Swiss papers *Neue Zuercher Zeitung, National Zeitung* and *Basler Nachrichten*, and in the *News Digest* issued during the war by the British Ministry of Information.

Starting in April and May 1941, Archbishop Stepinac intervened incessantly on behalf of Jews and Orthodox Serbs, sent numerous letters of protest to Pavelitch, and publicly condemned the "forced" conversions. . . On New Year's Eve, 1941, in a sermon in his Cathedral, he condemned in the strongest terms the principles of Nazism and Ustashism, and their regime of terror; so that the Ustashi openly threatened to kill him. In 1943, he was kept under house arrest by Pavelitch for some time, and was violently attacked by the government newspapers, especially by the Croat Minister for Enlightenment in the government daily *Hrvatski Narod*. All editors and journalists were prohibited by the Ustashi government from reporting anything the Archbishop might say. The German and Ustashi authorities scornfully called him an "Anglophile" and a "philo-Partisan", and hated but at the same time feared him. His life was endangered many times, and he was spared only because of the high esteem and deep love of his Croat people. . .

Ottawa HENRI SAINT-DENIS

Dislikes Review

THE REVIEW of the late Professor Owen's book on Aeschylus . . . must have distressed a large number . . .

Owen was among the finest Hellenists that Canada has produced: a scholar of the rarest and most valuable kind — one whose exact learning, whose spiritual and intellectual delicacy, were blent with defiant common-sense. It was at least to be expected that, if public examination of such a man's work were engaged in at all, the examiner would take his task seriously. I have no right to complain of his not voicing my own view that *The Harmony of Aeschylus* throws new and penetrating light upon one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most magnificent, poets that ever lifted pen. My grievance lies elsewhere; I accuse your reviewer of carelessness, ignorance and barbarism . . .

Barbarism, nevertheless, is the most deplorable of his three qualities: one who implies a comparison between a work of this calibre and a Ph.D thesis would hardly hesitate to compare Ely Cathedral with the YMCA.

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TORONTO

Social Credit's Future As a Federal Force

By JOHN A. IRVING

EVER SINCE their conquest of Alberta, Social Crediters have been trying to organize a national movement. After eighteen years of effort, what have they achieved? Is Social Credit a vital force in Canadian politics today? Does it have a future as a national movement?

Social Crediters have every reason to be optimistic concerning the future when they consider their achievements in Alberta. There they have solved, in eminent degree, all the problems the passing years have presented.

They have succeeded in institutionalizing the roaring social movement of the mid-thirties. They have won five successive provincial elections. They have continued to develop able leaders at every level of the movement. In spite of their inability to implement Social Credit measures in Alberta itself they have kept aflame the doctrine of monetary reform. Finally, they have faced with resolution the difficulties presented by a whole-hearted acceptance of Douglas's philosophy.

How can we account for Social Credit's five election victories in a row in Alberta? Unquestionably, one of the most important factors has been the capacity of its leaders to adapt the movement to changing conditions. Beginning as a radical movement, which was detested, and indeed feared, by the business community, Social Credit has calmed down since Aberhart's death in 1943.

Under the premiership of the Hon. Ernest C. Manning, Aberhart's successor and ardent disciple in both Bible prophecy and Social Credit, the movement has "jelled." Today, in Edmonton or Calgary, the business men will tell you that Alberta has the most conservative government in Canada!

A deeper explanation of the electoral success of the Social Credit party in Alberta is to be found in its crusade against Socialism. Aberhart actually met near electoral defeat at the hands of the Independents in 1940. No sooner had the election of 1944 been called than Mr. Manning announced that the significant issue was Socialism.

The business community accepted literally Mr. Manning's rightist interpretation of Social Credit and the oft-repeated slogan that he wanted to "make Capitalism work." Thousands who feared Socialism then proceeded to vote for the party they had opposed so bitterly in 1935 and 1940. The formula of 1944 was repeated, with increasing success, in 1948 and 1952. The latter year also saw the Social Credit crusade against Socialism carried into British Columbia.

To many the most puzzling feature of the movement is the devotion of its followers to monetary reform in the face of the inability of the Alberta government to implement specifically Social Credit measures.

Efforts to implement monetary reform have, of course, been made. It must be remembered that thirteen acts passed in 1937 and the following years were declared *ultra vires* by the courts or disallowed by the Canadian government. Again, in 1946, the Bill of Rights, which Mr. Manning described as a new Charter of Freedom for Alberta, was found unconstitutional by the Privy Council.

These adverse decisions have not dimmed the belief of Social Crediters in the ultimate victory of their cause. In fact, the attitude of the federal government and the courts to Social Credit legislation has merely confirmed the Douglas-Aberhart warning that the "Money Power" will stop at nothing to thwart or destroy the movement.

To Social Crediters, their philosophy has become a Way of Life. Their experience with the economic and political systems has convinced them that something is wrong with capitalistic democracy. The Social Credit analysis explains accurately to them just what is wrong. They want to save, not to destroy, the existing system. Hence they can never accept Socialism. Social Credit alone offers them a way out of the turmoil of the mid-twentieth century.

Because Douglas's theories have given "meaning" to their political and economic environment, Social Crediters are not going to abandon them merely because of constitutional difficulties. Nor will they listen to "refutations" of their doctrines by orthodox economists. Such hostile critics are merely pecking away at Social Credit theories on the basis of presuppositions that lie completely outside the true philosophy!

Our analysis of the Alberta movement accounts for the zeal of its leaders in promoting Social Credit ideas in other provinces. Ever since the Privy Council's rejection of the Bill of Rights, in the summer of 1947, the slogan in Alberta has been, "On to Ottawa." For Mr. Manning, Alberta is the beachhead from which the conquest of Canada must be achieved.

Efforts to promote the movement on a national scale have been greatly handicapped by an emphasis, in several quarters, on Douglas's political philosophy and his interpretation of history. The Alberta Social Credit Board was largely responsible for this emphasis, but members of the legislature as well as of the House of Commons have also been involved.

The Board was set up after Aberhart's delay in introducing Social Credit legislation had led to an insurgency in 1937. It was composed of five M.L.A.'s, whose activities were financed by public funds. Its annual reports were supposed to review the progress of monetary reform in Alberta and to explore possibilities for the future. After 1941 the Board became more and more interested in criticizing the functioning of democracy and in interpreting provincial, national, and international affairs in terms of the "Judaic-Masonic conspiracy." Its promotion of these aspects of Douglasism reached a climax in its sensational report of 1947, in which majority rule, the secret ballot, and the political party system were severely attacked.

In the repudiation and condemnation of Douglas's world conspiracy theory, the lead was given by Mr. Manning. The premier was fully aware of the consequences of this step for the future of the movement, especially in Quebec.

During the summer of 1947, it became clear that two sharply opposed factions, know as the realists and the Douglasites, had developed within the movement. The realists thought of Social Credit essentially in terms of monetary reform, as expounded by Aberhart. The Douglasites thought of Social Credit primarily in terms of the world conspiracy. If the World Plotters were to be defeated, a Union of Electors must be established at once. Indeed, for many Douglasites, monetary reform was no longer of immediate importance.

These differences in the basic interpretation of Social Credit proved irreconcilable. In the autumn Premier Manning began a carefully planned purge which eventually led to the removal from power or office of all the Douglasites at the provincial level. The Social Credit Board was liquidated in 1948.

THE RESOLUTE suppression of the Douglasites in Alberta has had significant repercussions on the movement in other provinces. The new orientation was first noticeable in British Columbia. There, such strict disciples of Douglas as Major A. H. Jukes and Mr. Vans Macdonald had long been the mainstay of a small movement. But incessant feuds between realists and Douglasites had tended to make that movement a joke.

All this was changed after 1948. Henceforth the Alberta Social Credit League threw its full support to the faction led by Lyle Wicks and Peer V. Paynter, and these men later organized the British Columbia Social Credit League. They began to develop an effective movement, based on Douglas's theories of monetary reform in the Fraser Valley.

Their efforts were soon greatly assisted by Mr. Manning's decision to broadcast recordings of the weekly services of the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute in the interior of British Columbia.

Then political developments played into the hands of Messrs. Wicks and Paynter. The Liberal-Conservative coalition, which had been formed in 1941 to thwart a CCF bid for power, cracked up. Before calling the election of 1952 the Liberals changed the provincial electoral law to permit a system of alternative voting. It was widely believed that this tactic would ensure the defeat of the CCF by enabling the Liberals to give their second choices to Conservatives and vice versa.

The circumstances attending the collapse of the coalition disillusioned many people with the Liberals and Conservatives. The repudiation of the old line parties that had occurred in Alberta was now repeated in British Columbia. But thousands who were disgusted with political squabblings were unwilling to vote for Socialism.

Toronto Globe & Mail

WILLIAM ABERHART: Social Credit has calmed down since his death.

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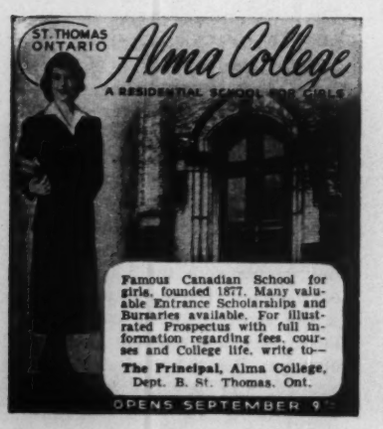
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OPENS SEPTEMBER 9

They turned instead to Social Credit, which supports private enterprise.

In addition to a general cynicism regarding the older parties, the Liberals suffered from internal dissension and wide-spread unpopularity, both of which were largely due to their Hospital Insurance program. The Conservatives, for their part, were severely shaken by the defection of their two ablest MLA's, W. A. C. Bennett and Mrs. Tilly Rolston, to the Social Credit movement.

The leaders of the Alberta Social Credit League keep the political prospects in each province under close observation. They realized as early as February, 1952, that a political vacuum was developing in British Columbia. Into that vacuum there rushed the Rev. E. G. Hansell (M.P. for Macleod and national president of the Social Credit Association of Canada) and Orvis A. Kennedy (a vice-president of the Alberta League and national organizer).

It has been said in British Columbia that Mr. Bennett, who assumed the premiership after the election last summer, is by no means a Social Crediter but rather "a rebel Conservative who knows little of Social Credit and cares less." Two points at least are clear. First, Mr. Bennett was not the leader of the movement during the election campaign. Secondly, the Social Credit case was presented in such a confused and contradictory manner that it is impossible to foresee the future of the movement at the coast.

The architects of the victory in British Columbia were Messrs. Hansell and Kennedy. They were, of course, assisted by numerous workers of the local movement. They were aided much more by the existence there of three factors with which they were thoroughly familiar in Alberta —the collapse of the traditional party system, Manning's religious following in the interior valleys, and the positive appeal of Social Credit. They discovered that the gospel of monetary reform is as highly charged in the inflation-ridden fifties as it was highly charged in the depression-ridden thirties.

A VICTORY of the Social Crediters in the new provincial election may, with good management, ensure their control of British Columbia for at least 10 years. But it would be idle to claim that an overwhelming social movement has swept that province. The CCF actually polled several thousand more first-choice votes than Social Credit in 1952. Under the old electoral law the Socialists would have emerged victorious. As it stands, they won eighteen seats to Social Credit's nineteen. There are some who argue that only a technicality, which "cheated" the CCF out of one of the Vancouver seats, gave the Social Crediters the right to form a government.

In any event, the Social Credit conquest of British Columbia is not nearly as impressive, nor is it likely to be as long-enduring, as the conquest of Alberta. Nor can Mr. Bennett's government be compared to Aberhart's original Social Credit government. Benefitting from Alberta's experience, Mr. Bennett realizes that monetary reform is the sole jurisdiction of the federal government. Only the future can reveal whether he will expand the "On to Ottawa" crusade of the Alberta Social Credit League.

The story of Social Credit in the remainder of Canada is soon told. There is not, nor is there likely to be, an effective movement in Saskatchewan. Ever since 1935 missionaries from Alberta have poured into that province, always to little avail. Two MP's were elected in 1935, and several MLA's in 1938. But, for a variety of reasons, Saskatchewan has been pre-empted by the CCF. No Social Credit MP's will be elected there this year.

The small movement in Manitoba has suffered from the Douglasite controversy. Several Social Crediters have been elected to the Manitoba legislature. But they made themselves innocuous long ago when, to ensure their survival at the polls, they decided to sit with the "Coalition" government.

Manitoba, however, may provide good hunting for the Alberta speakers and organizers in future years, if not in the coming federal election. What is the alternative to the present government of Manitoba? In due course the voters of that province, unwilling to turn to the CCF, may experiment with Social Credit. But they will send no Social Credit members to Ottawa in 1953.

Under the leadership of C. V. Kerslake, Social Credit ideas were being promoted in Ontario even before Aberhart took up the cause. But Kerslake was too strict a disciple of Douglas to adapt the movement to the Canadian scene. With the collapse of his organization, the movement languished.

Inspired by speakers and organizers from Alberta, Social Credit ideas began to circulate again in Ontario immediately after the war. But the controversy between Douglasites and realists has been disastrous for the movement in this province. The Douglasite leader, Ronald Gostick, has stumped the counties tirelessly, advocating a Union of Electors and warning of the World Conspiracy. His organization has received the official blessing of Douglas himself. The realists, under the leadership of men like R.D. Jorgenson (President of the Alberta Social Credit League) and Mr. Kennedy, have worked hard and long to develop an Ontario Social Credit League on the Alberta model. But the ideological conflict has bedevilled their efforts and retarded the growth of an effective movement.

Two factors, however, indicate that Social Credit ideas may become more popular in Ontario in the future. The victory in British Columbia has disheartened the Douglasites and cleared the way for the expansion of the realists' program. Also, Mr. Manning's evangelistic tour of Ontario last autumn, although non-political, aroused widespread interest in Social Credit ideas.

In the past, the movement has been strongest in northern cities like North Bay, Sudbury, and Fort William. With the apparent collapse of the Douglasites, it is possible that Ontario may elect two Social Credit MP's in 1953.

In Quebec, as in every province west of it, there have long been two Social Credit movements. But the dominant movement has stood wholeheartedly for pure Douglasism. As such, it has never really been in line with the main Canadian movement. Recent reports indicate that Messrs. Low, Hansell and Kennedy are attempting, once again, to organize a League in Quebec on the Alberta model. But such an enterprise is almost certainly doomed to failure. It is therefore highly improbable that any Social Credit MP's will be elected in Quebec this year.

The Douglasites have some strength in New Brunswick, especially among the French-Canadian population. But the Alberta leaders have not, as yet, succeeded in building provincial organizations in any of the four Maritime provinces. Interest in Social Credit ideas in that region is negligible.

How many Social Credit MP's will be elected this year? An answer can be given to this question within a well-defined range of variation. There will be not less than eight and not more than sixteen Social Crediters in the next House of Commons. Where will they come from?

AT PRESENT Social Credit holds 10 of the 17 Alberta seats, the Liberals five, and the Progressive Conservatives two. The latter are unlikely to lose the two Calgary seats. The Liberals, who had held Athabaska and Edmonton West for years, wrested Edmonton East, Vegreville, and Jasper-Edson from the Social Crediters in 1949. It is true that peculiar circumstances assisted them in each of these ridings. But they are likely to retain their five seats in Alberta this year.

Social Crediters have already lost one safe seat in Alberta as a result of redistribution, Camrose having been amalgamated with Battle River. Their national leader is in grave danger of losing Peace River to the Liberals at the polls. Mr. Low, a zealous exponent of Social Credit everywhere else in Canada, is suffering from the charge of absenteeism in his own riding. His party is certain of winning only eight seats in Alberta this year.

Several factors make prediction difficult in British Columbia. If Mr. Bennett wins with a sizeable majority, then Social Crediters may send six members to Ottawa this year.

For good measure, let us grant that Social Crediters may win two seats east of Alberta, possibly in Ontario. They will then emerge from the election with a total of sixteen. After eighteen years of strenuous effort, they would hold one seat less in the House of Commons than in 1935.

But it would be a serious mistake to suppose that they will thereby be discouraged. The leaders and members of the Alberta Social Credit League are passionately convinced of the absolute rightness of their cause. They have not abandoned, nor will they abandon, their philosophy of monetary reform. "On to Ottawa" will forever remain their slogan.

The Literary Life

"Longer Torture" and Other Poems

IF A PSYCHOLOGIST should ever want to find background behavioristic material on me (and I'm almost sure that one will some day), I can do no better than suggest to him that he scan an old textbook that still rests on my bookshelf. Its title is *Shorter Poems,* and it has a place among my least referred-to reference books, wedged between *The Cream Of Europe For The Motorist* and *Standard Seamanship For The Merchant Service.*

It is the only book of poetry in my library, which is significant in itself, but probably more significant still is the fact that I have glanced between its covers no more than four times since lugging it home from school for the last time on my sixteenth birthday, February 22, 1929.

Most of the things taught me in Toronto's Riverdale Technical High School (now Danforth Tech.) between 1926 and '29 have long been forgotten, and one of the earliest to go was poetry. Looking back, it seems impossible that I failed to absorb any immortal lines at all, but nevertheless it is true. On the infrequent occasions when I take part in radio question-and-answer programs I find myself absolutely without a clue when I am thrown a question about poetry. Ask me the name of the man who assassinated Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago and I'll tell you, but ask me who wrote *In Memoriam,* or the title of the poem which begins, "Tiger, tiger, burning bright," and I'll fix you with my most vacuous leer.

This literary Achilles' heel of mine puzzled me for years, but I am puzzled no longer. The reason I failed to learn any poetry—or any appreciation of poetry, which is more important—is entirely due to the fact that I was too busy scribbling doggerel of my own. Most of my early stories and schoolboy essays were long ago consigned to the waste basket, and were subsequently reduced to ash and smoke in the incinerators of the Toronto Street Cleaning Department, where they belonged. All that remains today of my literary beginnings are the scribblings on the pages of this old school book, dating back to 1928-29 when I was 15 years of age and a student in Form I.2.GH at Riverdale Tech.

My first attempt at creative writing seems to have been my blocking out of the book's title, *Shorter Poems,* and the pencilled substitution of my own name for it, "Longer Torture". I feel that this constituted a significant step in my development, and the psychologists can make of it what they will. Another psychotic manifestation of something or other is the scribbling of two poetic titles, *Young Waters* and *The Daemon Lover* inside the front cover. Beside them is the cryptic number 120, and I hope somebody can make something of *that.*

On the page facing the Preface (which I retitled, "Dirty Face") is a zippy saying of my pre-shiek or cake-eater days, "Teacher's pet, I'll say they do," which I probably stole holus-bolus from the back of some collegian's yellow slicker. Whether my knowledge of the sex life of teachers was inherent or acquired I do not remember, but my transcription of this saying reflects a cynicism that has remained with me to this day.

Under the book's copyright notice is a possessive statement reading: "This book belongs to His Majesty Earl of York, Duke of Port Credit, Lord Helpus, majistrate (sic) of all he surveys — he's short-sighted — Garner." This self-conferring of aristocratic titles might mark either an anti-social attitude toward the peerage or a disgust with my own plebeian background. Or I may have written it while undergoing one of my frequent spells of banishment to the hall to memorize stanza three of *Mariana.* One thing I am sure of is that I was not short-sighted then or at any other time.

Above this possessive paragraph is a crudely drawn coat of arms (I was a great guy for coats of arms in those days) which bears a tree, a star, something that looks like a grill or corn-popper, and a dagger. The significance of these symbols is lost to me, and I mention them for what they're worth to the learned gentlemen in the surgical smocks. Under the coat of arms, but bearing no relationship to it, as far as I know, is the phrase, "Nize Baby". This was a favorite expression in one of the more lurid comic strips, circa 1926-'27, but what it is doing in *Shorter Poems* I'll never know.

FOR THE next couple of pages I seem to have held my creative instincts on a tight rein, but I broke out again on the Contents Page with the terse admonition, "If my name you wish to see, turn to page 103". Page 103 greets the reader with the teaser, "If my name you cannot find, turn a page and then behind". After going through this slightly complicated maneuver, I found myself on page 107, to be met with "If my name you still can't see, turn to page 33". Page 33 simply said, "If my name it can't be found, turn ten pages and look round." I turned to page 23 at first but drew a blank, and finally caught up with my little game again on page 43. I was getting damned tired of such nonsense by this time, but I figured that if I had enough patience to begin this nomenclative merry-go-round at 15 years of age, the least I could do at 40 was follow it through to the end.

I found myself looking at a page

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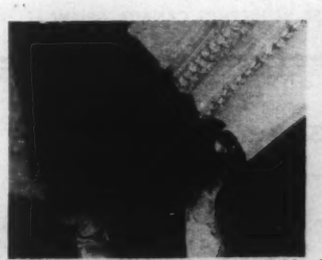

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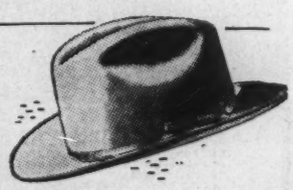

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midway through Macaulay's *Horatius,* and pencilled above it was another hated couplet, "If my signature is missed, turned to page 306". With a feeling slightly less than one of eagerness I did so, and found myself at the end of my scribbled chase. The final clue reads, "If my name you cannot find, try and trace me by this ryme (sic)". From this unrhyming and misspelled verse is an arrow pointing to the first stanza of *The Splendour Falls* by Alfred Lord Tennyson, with tick marks against the letters of my name. And, finally, as a concession to anyone who ever wanted to find my name *that* bad, I had written it in large capitals beneath the poem.

My research into this one remaining piece of early Garner has been haphazard, but it has managed to turn up quite a wealth of Freudian data that only needs a bit of professional sifting to reveal a pretty good picture of the adolescent me. For instance, several pieces of my own verse are included in *Shorter Poems*—scribbled on blank pages. One of them is titled, *Love,* and goes this way: "I loved her and anon/She sang me many a song/My heart was a flutter/I loved peanut butter." Another one, called *War,* reads: "Swords clashed/helmets bashed/weapons smashed/men were hashed/ and form I.2.H went to the auditorium."

There are several more pieces of this atrocious doggerel, but I'll transcribe only two of them here, merely to show that I have never been a serious contender for a poet's mantle. The first is a heart-rending saga entitled, *The Burglars,* containing a lot of social significance but no punctuation. It goes like this:

The night was dark the weather was cold
The boy was frightened the man was bold
Go to the window you he said
Or I will cave in your ungaily head
I wont I cant the boy he cried
Ive been so sick since mother died
Just then a shot a scream rang out
The boys red blood began to spout
And then as his brave life blood spent
To his mother in heaven the boy he went.

After composing this sickly piece of poetic pastry I returned to more mundane and momentous things, and came up with: "The birds up above sat chirping their love/and I walked down the street/I darn near collapsed and I clung to the mast/as F. Phillips I did meet."

F. Phillips was my English teacher, a young man noted around the school for his good looks, sarcasm, and terrific aim with pieces of chalk. We kids used to couple his name with that of a very pretty little flapper of a teacher whose name I have forgotten, but who lingers in my memory for once slugging me across the head with a large dictionary for arguing with her (and with Sir Isaac Newton too, I guess) about the earth's gravitational pull. How Mr. Phillips' name got into my verse has been lost with the passage of time, although it may be due to the fact that he caught me —along with some other sneaky little brats — smoking Honeysuckle cigarettes at the corner of Greenwood and Danforth Avenues one memorable noon hour.

A careless riffling of pages brings to light several marginal notes that defy translation, but one of them, which I *have* translated, may help to explain what I was like in 1927. Apparently I was not only a psychological problem but a precocious child as well. On page 241, against the line, "Do the French lilies reign?" in Marjorie Pickthall's poem *Père Lalemant,* I have written, "No, the American pansies."

My signature appears in several places, which no doubt indicates an overwhelming egocentricity, but on page 369 I show a bit of inventive genius. I have listed the letters of the alphabet, and beside them are placed cryptic symbols, which appear to be an attempt to invent a type of mystic shorthand. This excursion into the scientific ends with the letter "L", which, to me at least, indicates a proclivity to give up things before they were finished; a trait that has remained with me over the years.

My impatience with the literary *status quo* is not a latter day acquisition, apparently. My rebellion against the beautiful poetry contained in *Shorter Poems,* prophetic of the type of thumb-to-nose writing I was to do later on, is manifest in a piece of proletarian free verse on the inside of the front cover, under the unrevealing title, *Dawn*:

"A field of gray lawns/Smoking chimneys/Twittering birds/ Pure air/ a few milkmen/And an array of garbage pails."

Which, except for the "pure air", wasn't an untrue description of my neighborhood in those days at that.

But the psychological clincher is contained on page 480, over W.H. Drummond's poem, *The Habitant.* In my own handwriting are the words, "Garner is nuts!" I have no idea what self-deprecatory impulse prompted me to say this, but I would suggest that the psychologists begin their investigation from there.

HUGH GARNER

•

At the Receiving Centre, Children's Aid and Infants' Homes of Toronto, we are interested primarily in what makes Johnny tick. Why does he tick too fast or too slow; why does his alarm go off too often or not often enough; why does he tick too loudly or too quietly; what can we do to help him run happily, securely and confidently in time and tune with all the other tickers in his world? —*Canadian Welfare*

And suppose he tocks instead of ticking?

•

HONG KONG—(AP)—Women drivers may fight it out among themselves—for an hour a day.

Three downtown parking areas have been set aside for one hour daily for women only so they can save time on shopping and business trips.

Police stand by to keep men. —*Item in the Halifax Chronicle.*

Yes, yes?

Letter from New York

Woolybears and Witchcraft

THE FIELDS and lawns are flushed with spring green hereabouts, and the buds on the trees are swelling up fast. For the past few weeks we've had the soft warm rains that bring spring, and even if we go back and have a sharp spell of weather it won't have been a bad winter at the end of it all.

I'm glad about this in a way, and sorry in another, because it does in the reputation of the woolybear caterpillar as a weather prophet. You find these things ambling across dirt roads in the early fall and pick them up to see if the black band around the middle of their venetian red bodies is wide or narrow; if narrow, you are supposed to take pleasure in the thought of a mild season to come, and if broad, to watch out for a harsh one. Last autumn I picked up fifteen or twenty with the broadest stripes I'd ever seen, and some research worker in upper New York collected several hundred and warned us that if you could believe the woolybears the hardest winter for a decade was on its way. Well, it looks as if you can't believe them any more.

I've always enjoyed primitive weatherlore of that kind, and I've always hoped that I'd come across some such indicator that would work sonner or later. When I had a farm in England, the men who worked for me used to predict hard and mild winters on the strength of the redness and the quantity of holly berries, or hawthorn hips and haws, and one man always swore by the size of the eagle in bracken shoots. When you slice a bracken stem across, you find a dark stain not unlike an eagle in the pith—my man swore that its size predicted the winter weather.

I suppose this human longing for signs and portents is ineradicable, and I suppose it accounts for the enormous popularity of the tipsters and forecasters who fill the American air nightly with wisdom. They had a carnival over the death of Stalin, and I don't think I've ever heard so much portentous solemnity brought to bear on the task of saying "we don't know what we're talking about" in ways that sounded like intelligent forecasts of the future. They were treating ticker tape just the way simple countrymen use woolybear caterpillars, or holly berries, and I have an idea that one could do just as well by studying the flight of pigeons, or the movements of cats on eastbound streets in downtown New York.

We had a good case down here a couple of years ago when the Federal Communications Commission tried to close down on a man who was putting out a tipsheet on Stock Exchange futures. He was advising people when to buy and sell, and what to watch, not on the basis of stock market reports and market analyses, but on the basis of a close study of a strip cartoon called Bringing up Father. The way the market was going was indicated by things like which hand Jiggs used to hold his cigar, the length of its ash, and the shapes of the cigar smoke when it was blown out of Jiggs mouth. The things Mrs. Jiggs threw at her husband indicated what stocks were going to move and which way.

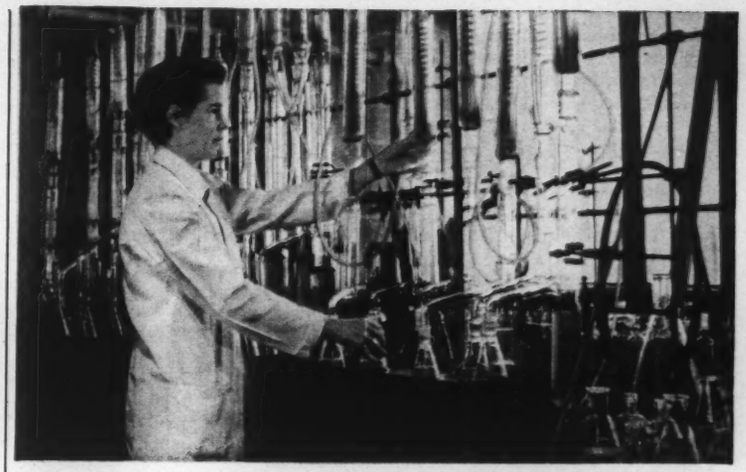
The tipster was able to bring a number of well satisfied customers to court; he had been more reliable than most market analysts, it appeared. But the FCC was more in favor of decorum than irony and the augur was put out of business.

THE NEW YEAR has brought new life to the theatre. Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible*, which is about the New Salem witchcraft trials, is beautifully produced and excitingly acted, and it seems to me to be a much better theatre piece than *The Death of Salesman*. The hero and the heroine of *The Crucible* are in a genuinely dramatic situation, and they have the stature of tragic figures which the marshmallow-minded family in *The Death of Salesman* seemed to lack in an excessive way. Miller has climbed up from sentimentality to a real largeness of mind and has written a very moving play indeed.

I remember the curious embarrassment of London audiences faced with *The Death of Salesman*. They were embarrassed by its respect for people utterly lacking in either integrity or dignity, and its attempt to make them the centre of tragedy. They could have escaped from their situation at any time by making the small effort of will required to tell the truth about it and themselves; the play seemed unpleasant because it was so soft with weakness, and almost in love with it.

The Crucible is full of characters who are rock hard with the old New England virtues, and their iron adherence to the virtues they believe in brings them to inescapable traps. The more they are true to themselves, the less chance they have of an easy deliverance. This makes gripping drama. Arthur Kennedy gives a fine performance in the play, and it's good to see this accomplished actor escaping from the stereotyped misunderstood youth role that's been pursuing him for so long.

The other piece of theatrical good news is William Inge's *Picnic*, a play about a small town in Kansas which recalls Tchekov. That isn't to say that it's an imitation of the Russian master, of the kind that plagued the experimental theatre in the twenties, but it uses the same kind of balance



A scene in one of the research laboratories of Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, New York City. In these laboratories, research on hormones is helping to shed new light on cancer.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE ABOUT CANCER

WITH PROGRESS in medical science, the survival rates for cancer patients are steadily increasing, according to the Canadian Cancer Society.

Today there is hope for even greater gains in our fight against this disease. This is because medical research is constantly yielding new facts about how and why cancer develops.

Some recent research findings

In surgery — increasing knowledge of the body's reactions to surgery has made it possible for doctors to perform major operations with far less risk to cancer patients. Largely because of improvements in surgical skill the greater hope of cure can be offered to an increasing number of patients with certain forms of cancer.

In chemotherapy — or treatment with chemicals—encouraging progress is being made. In fact, one highly experimental compound has been found that totally destroys certain cancers in laboratory animals. Even today, some chemical substances are being used which temporarily inhibit the growth of a few types of cancer in human beings.

In radiology — or X-ray treatment — intensive studies are under way on devices that are not only capable of producing more powerful X-rays, but also offer hope of a more effective use of them. Substances produced by atomic energy research are also being used successfully to retard temporarily cancer of the thyroid gland and blood-forming tissues.

What should everyone do about cancer?

First — learn cancer's warning signals which are listed below. Every adult should know them, as a wise measure of self-protection. Should any of them appear, report to your doctor at once. Remember, however, that these signals do *not* invariably mean cancer. In fact, in the majority of cases the suspected symptoms are proved *not* to be caused by cancer, but by some other condition requiring treatment.

Second — have periodic health check-ups. Cancer may develop without any outward warning signals. Only examination by a physician may discover these "silent" cancers in their early stages. This is why periodic medical examinations are so important, especially for older people.

Third — do not rely on unproved methods for the treatment of cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, radium — used singly or in combination—can remove or destroy cancer. In skilled hands, these *proved methods* are successfully controlling cases which, not many years ago, would have been judged hopeless.

Above all, remember that cancer is often cured . . . and that getting to your doctor early is your greatest contribution toward recovery.

CANCER'S 7 WARNING SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not heal. 2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere. 3. Unusual bleeding or discharge. 4. Any change in a wart or mole. 5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing. 6. Persistent hoarseness or cough. 7. Any change in normal bowel habits. (Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

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between comedy and emotional intensity that he employed so effectively. There is a schoolteacher in the play whose affair with a small shopkeeper (he is in notions and stationery) produces one of the best emotional scenes and one of the best comedy scenes on the New York stage for a long time. Both scenes are absolutely original, having nothing of stage convention or mechanical humor about them.

The central point of the story is a very young girl, played with strength and delicacy by Janice Rule, who is quite brilliantly developed by Mr. Inge along altogether credible lines. There have been so many plays of *The Glass Menagerie* school recently, which derive all interest from the exceptional or the abnormal, that it's extraordinarily refreshing to see a drama built around an entirely healthy personality.

"Healthy" in criticism is apt to be a code word meaning Philistine, but in this case it doesn't mean that at all. What I'm saying is that Mr. Inge is bringing the pyschological insight usually reserved for studies of neurosis to bear on a mind which is sound as a bell, so that what you get is a very attractive picture of moral courage. It is also that rare thing, a love story with the complete ring of truth about it. Whatever else it does, it leaves you at the final curtain with that full sense of satisfaction that very few things beside the theatre can give.

It's about time that I got around to saying something about the glories of the new administration, and the return to free enterprise and so forth. There ought to be a lot to say, but there isn't. In a way the great act over Chiang Kai-shek was symbolic; Eisenhower called off the task force that was, as he chose to put it, protecting Red China, and unleashed the tiger. Since then the tiger has shown every sign of feeling just like a girl whose petticoat has fallen off while strap hanging in a bus, inadequately covered and unsure of the next move. Free enterprise without the shackles has been reacting much the same way and the great upswing has somehow failed to get underway.

The slogan of the Republican boom isn't a very reassuring one: "No down payment, and thirty-six months to pay." In a true peacetime economy, this would be the writing on the wall, since it means, quite simply, that to move their goods traders are having to anticipate three years of the consumer's purchasing power. In the desolate market where none come to buy, Keynesian economics regain an appeal that they had lost, and business already looks back to the days of a market stimulated by Government spending.

Gleams of light are, however, visible on the horizon. If the Russians really have a high altitude jet fighter with built-in radar, all the American heavy bombers in existence, and a good part of the air fleet now building, will be obsolete in short order. A $10 billion bomber program seems to be in prospect, and is already being talked of as a reality. If the Russians have a turbojet heavy bomber (and one is said to have been sliding over Red Square), a $10-15 billion civil air defence program is also called for.

All this means contracts, and subcontracts, and a generous flow of Government money through industry, through payrolls, and into the stores and a continuance of exactly the same kind of conditions which the Democrats produced, with high taxes, high wages, and heavy spending. It means the exact opposite of the return to the simple pay-as-you-go economy which the Republicans hoped to restore.

Oh yes, and about the purge of the mess in Washington, and all the corruption you heard about during the campaign, that the Republicans were going to sweep away. The word is now that it's an inevitable product of any large organization like the Federal Government, and that it never amounted to anything very much anyway.

ANTHONY WEST

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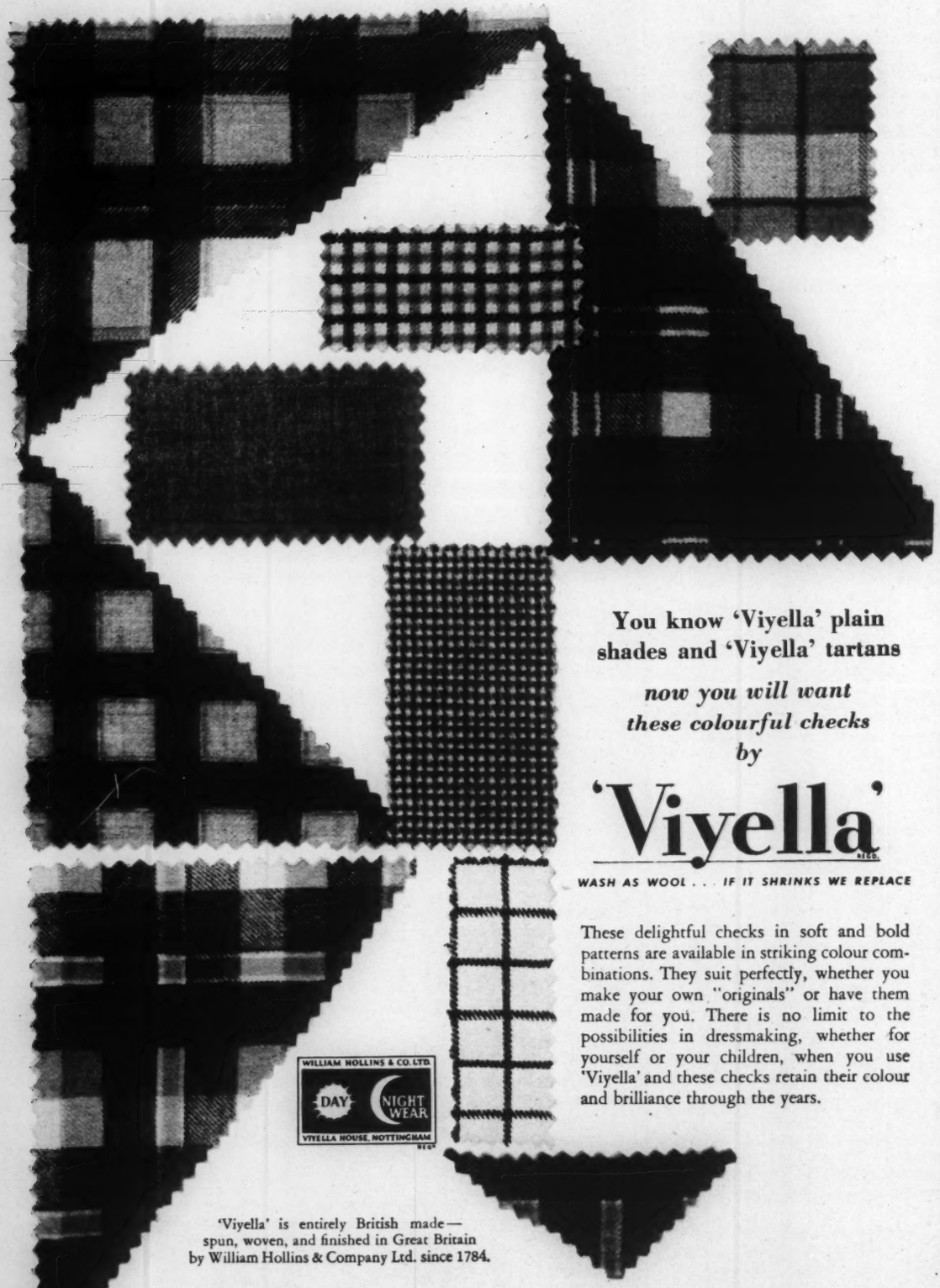
French-American relations are excellent. Anglo-French relations have greatly improved. French-German relations are difficult, not insoluble. But, unfortunately relations between Frenchmen and Frenchmen are very bad.—ROBERT SCHUMAN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Travel

This new feature in SATURDAY NIGHT is in response to the great many letters from readers seeking information on specific travel problems.

Barbados Accommodation

CAN YOU *give me any information on accommodation in Barbados, where I plan to spend my vacation this year? What is the temperature around July and August?—G. H. H., Winnipeg, Man.*

Numerous hotels, residential clubs and guest houses, situated throughout the 166-square-mile island, provide comfort and relaxation for the visitor. Well-stocked bars, efficient and courteous service, large airy bedrooms, many with private bathrooms, cuisine of the best; these are the amenities offered at very reasonable rates. For those who prefer a home atmosphere, there are comfortably furnished bungalows and apartments equipped with every modern convenience, for rental. Most of these are situated on the sea coast.

The temperature in July and August ranges from 69 to 90 degrees.

Hollywood Races

WHEN IS *the summer race meet at Hollywood Park?—W. A. S., Long Branch, Toronto.*

This year's summer meet at the celebrated Californian race track will be held from May 12 to July 18. A feature is the Hollywood Gold Cup, the only race in the world which guarantees the winner a net of $100,000. While the races are in progress, says a hand-out, "a lovely Goosegirl tends a flock of geese at the placid lake located in the track's infield"!

Ontario Camps

SOME YEARS *ago I spent a very pleasant fishing holiday in Northern Ontario, but since then I have been out of touch. Can you tell me anything about recent developments in the services available to tourists? In what regions has accommodation been extended?—H.B.V., Cleveland, Ohio.*

The number of tourist outfitters' camps operating in Northern Ontario has increased considerably since the war, according to the recently published annual report of the Department of Lands and Forests. Eight years ago, 560 camps were licensed in the Province whereas the total last year reached 1,500, with many other new camps under construction or just completed.

Tourist outfitters' camps, as distinguished from the tourist cabins and motels that dot the Southern Ontario highways, cater to anglers and hunters and, on occasion, their families. Accommodation, meals, guides, tackle, boats, and even air travel to remote hunting and fishing grounds, are provided by these camps—at a price, of course, for the season up north is short and expenses are heavy.

Most of the camps are situated above a line drawn from Pembroke to Parry Sound, skirting the north shore of Lakes Huron and Superior, following along the U.S.-Canada border west from Pigeon River and ending at the Manitoba boundary. There are camps as far north as James Bay.

The establishment of new camps has been greatly stimulated in recent years by the construction of roads which have opened up many hitherto inaccessible Northern Ontario areas. North of the trans-Canada highway, for instance, in the Sioux Lookout district, the road to Red Lake influenced the building of more than 100 tourist outfitters' camps in areas formerly reached only by air travel or arduous voyaging on fast-flowing rivers.

West Coast

I AM *thinking of spending my holidays on the West Coast this year. To whom should I write for specific information and hotel rates? What is the best time to go?—G. L. P., Toronto.*

Write to the Commissioner, British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, Victoria, for full information and an excellent series of descriptive booklets. The mild climate of the west coast makes it desirable for a visit at any time of the year, but the summer months are favored by most vacationists.

Vaccination Rules

ARE THERE *any vaccination and inoculation rules for travellers to Britain?—W. W. I., Windsor, Ont.*

There are no requirements for entry into Britain, but Canada requires evidence that the returning travellers have been vaccinated within three years and not less than 14 days prior to the date of re-entry.

Tipping

LIKE *hundreds of others, I intend making my first trip to Europe this year. Can you give me any help on the matter of tipping, which I understand is most important over there?—Miss C. L., Hamilton, Ont.*

Tipping is a tightrope. Over-tipping is bad taste and bad luck for those who come after you. On the other hand, under-tipping is embarrassing and often results in bad service. In Europe, tips are considered a fair return for service rendered. Unlike Canada, where a waiter has a weekly take-home pay besides his tips, the majority of European waiters make ends meet according to the whims of day-by-day patrons.

Because the confusion over tipping has in the past sometimes left a bad taste, a fast-growing custom in European hotels now relieves much of the problem. A charge of between 10 and 20 per cent for service is added to the bill. If this is done, it is only necessary to tip for special services such as the delivery of messages, the carrying of bags and the calling of taxis. For such small personal services the equivalent of 10 and 20 cents is adequate. Taxi drivers expect about 12 per cent. Around 15 per cent is expected for a hair-do.

Abroad, travellers are more readily judged by the tips they leave than by the company they keep. The judgment may be snap, for vacations are short, but the impression lingers on.

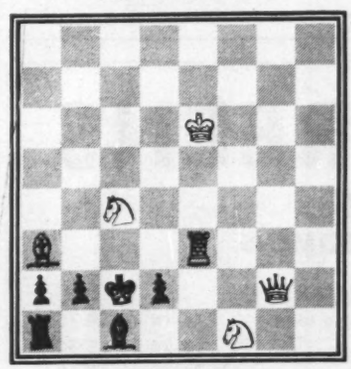
•

Chess Problem

SOME test papers were submitted by Comins Mansfield to the Good Companion composers in 1919, the second, in October, requesting them to show how two black Pawns can create two-self-blocks each by promotion to Queen or Knight. The question produced some notable task achievements, W. B. Rice, a young Philadelphia composer, being the only competitor to prove that two Pawns can give five self-blocks as follows—White: K on QB4; Q on QB5; Bs on QB1 and KB3; Kts on QKt1 and K2; P on QR3. Black: K on QB7; R on QR8; Ps on QR5, QR7 and Q7. Mate in two. Key 1.Q-Kt4.

Problem No. 9, by Dr. H. W. Bettmann

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Another American composer, Dr. Bettmann of Cincinnati, constructed a perfect example of a single black Pawn giving four promotion self-blocks. Bettmann also submitted the flight specimen above, and it is remarkable that it was closely paralleled by no less than four other composers. It is also noteworthy that these multiple promotion tasks are easiest to present by resorting to flight squares.

Solution of Problem No. 8

Key-move 1.Kt-R1, waiting.

If P-Kt8(Q); 2.QxQP mate. If P-Kt8(Kt); 2.R-B2 mate. If P-Q8(Q); 2.QxKtP mate. If P-Q8(Kt); 2.Q-B2 mate. If P-B8(Q); 2.QxP mate. If P-B8(Kt); 2.Kt-Q1 mate.

Above are the promotion variations. There are three other mates in the by-play.

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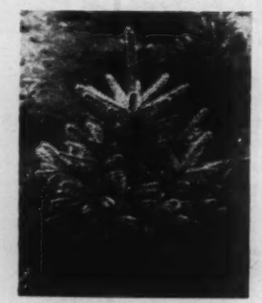

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Music

In The City of The Mormons

DURING my stay in Salt Lake City, I saw and heard a number of interesting things. I inspected with my own eyes the very spot, indeed both the very spots (each is marked with a monument) where Brigham Young stood with his little band of pioneers, surveyed the valley, and said: "This is the place!" And I inspected a third spot, an extremely disreputable tavern called the Saltshaker, which also bears the inscription: "This is the place!" It has nothing to do with the early history of the community, however.

This valley, to which Brigham Young led the persecuted Mormons, was chosen because earlier exploration had shown it was fed with year-round streams and was therefore suitable for irrigation. Another of the interesting things I observed is the way that this entirely commendable piece of shrewdness on Young's part is disappearing under the weight of a vague popular tradition that the only notion he had of the existence of the Salt Lake valley was what had been vouchsafed to him in dreams.

However, he reached the place eventually, and the Mormons soon began their city. They set aside a square to be the centre, and in this square they placed their temple and their tabernacle. These buildings, and several others, are surrounded by gardens, and enclosed within a high wall. From all around, you see them. Salt Lake City runs up on to hills, and even where it does not, the figure that stands on top of the Temple can be seen like a speck of gold, from far out in the desert. It is the angel Moroni, according to the Mormons last of the pre-historic North American prophets, and he stands there over the city blowing his golden trumpet. And beside the Temple stands what at first sight seems to be the giant tortoise that carries the world on his back: the Tabernacle.

No ornament or decoration, nothing superfluous disturbs the massive simplicity of its lines. It stands as a monumental rebuke to that school of design exemplified by the New Englander who built his house himself, and then had a man from Boston come down and put on the architecture afterwards. All the so-called architecture in the neighborhood is concentrated on the Temple; the Tabernacle is the essence of functional design.

Inside, it is exactly the same as it is outside: a vast elliptical dome, two hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and fifty feet wide and eighty feet high. Built as it was in 1863, no steel was available, and everything was made of wood and stone. Not an inch of space is wasted. Even the walls that support the dome consist of nothing but the massive pillars joined by exit doors. If you lost a rattlesnake in there, the whole place could be empty in half a minute.

Now we have all heard something of the acoustical quality of this famous and remarkable building. The Salt Lake City choir has been broadcasting for years, and it is from this building that it performs. So when I went to hear the Utah Symphony Orchestra, I made a special point of procuring the worst seat in the house. In many auditoriums, I have sat in such a seat, but this is the first time I have deliberately asked for it, and the request appeared to occasion some surprise. I wound up at the side beneath the shallow balcony that runs round three-quarters of the building.

But this balcony does not extend right back to the main wall. It hangs, so to speak, in mid-air. There is a clear three-foot space all the way round, so that sound striking the dome can run right down behind the balcony and reach the people underneath. In this way, the eight thousand people which the building holds may all be presumed to hear perfectly.

But alas for theory. I had been told before I entered the building that a pin dropped at the front might be heard at the back. This may be so, but a Symphony Orchestra is no pin, and though the speakers could certainly be heard very well, I am afraid this could be traced to an extremely efficient public address system rather than to any inherent merit in the building.

There is nothing wrong with this, of course. I do not share the views of those who feel that it is necessarily an artistic disgrace to avail yourself of the inventions of the age. I will go further. I do not think that any of the great violin concertos, particularly the Brahms, was ever properly heard until the resources of the microphone were available to reinforce the soloist against the overwhelming mass of the orchestra, and to change him from a red-faced gesticulating figure sawing his instrument into slices with the fury of his efforts, to a sensitive artist discoursing loftily in the company of a suitably modulated orchestra.

THE CONCERTO I heard in the Salt Lake Tabernacle was for piano; but the public address system was not supporting it, and I must report that my efforts to obtain the worst seat in the house were successful. The balance was lopsided; and it changed while I crept stealthily about the building in between movements.

An investigation among judicious listeners led to the same conclusion: the building is not all that it should be acoustically. One man compared it unfavorably with the Festival of Britain Concert Hall. When I told him I had never been there, he said that

he had never been there either, and was therefore free of bias. Possibly some reader has attended concerts in both halls.

In spite of this, I must say I think the problem was well solved in 1863. To build a hall at all was an achievement; to build one as good as this was a fine achievement. To have the will to build one was the greatest achievement of all.

In Canada we do not need halls of eight thousand capacity; but halls of eight hundred capacity we need very badly indeed.

Perhaps there is one more thing we can learn from the Salt Lake Tabernacle. It was built as a house of worship; but worship has been interpreted liberally. It has become, in addition, a concert-hall, and a lecture-hall.

Old churches were not built with the idea of their being used also for music. New ones often are. In Toronto the new Unitarian Church was specially designed to act as an auditorium for those people (of whom I am one) who think that God is also worshipped through the arts, especially the art of music. Art is the food of the spirit, and a building devoted to the affairs of the spirit need have no fears about admitting the arts, I wish every church in Canada that is expecting to build a new meeting place would think over the matter carefully. To my mind, the Mormons will always deserve the most profound respect because one of the first buildings they chose to raise up in the desert was a place for men to sing.

LISTER SINCLAIR.

•

Our Busy Politicians

(From Hansard)

MR. GARSON: What I want to know is how any leader of a party, who had said in this house and throughout the country that they were in favor of a wage and price control system, voted even on third reading against a bill which is the only means, under the terms of their own opposition to the War Measures Act, by which the government can have the necessary emergency powers to introduce a wage and price control system. Let them tell us that. I should be delighted to hear it.

MR. STUDER: No answer.

MR. FULTON: You will get it.

MR. HARKNESS: Don't be impatient.

MR. GARSON: From this hon. gentleman who says in one breath that he is in favor of a wage and price control system and on third reading of the bill that he is opposed to the legislation to make it possible—

MR. DIEFENBAKER: Keep the voice down.

MR. GARSON: —he is the same gentleman who in this chamber and around through the country represents this government as being activated by a desire to swallow up all the powers of the provincial legislatures.

Mr. Speaker, I should like him also to tell us at his pleasure what act, under these emergency powers, the government could take that would have a more adverse effect upon the jurisdiction of the provincial legislatures than an overall wage and price control system? What act could they take? What single act?

MR. STUDER: No answer.

MR. FULTON: You will get it.

MR. SINNOTT: Silence is golden.

MR. BROOKS: The hon. member had better learn that.

MR. ROSS (Souris): There is not much gold about the hon. member for Springfield (Mr. Sinott).

MR. STUDER: Silver threads among the gold.

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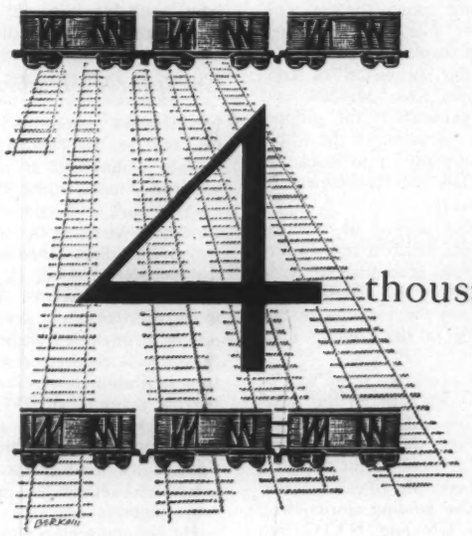

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Ottawa Letter

Coronation Rush on Parliament Hill

PARLIAMENT has been working overtime with the object of winding up the session early in May, so that its representatives at the Coronation will not have to break their necks to reach London in time. The volume of business is quite substantial, with a huge array of estimates to be passed and the reports of different committees to be discussed.

Apparently the Government has decided to postpone until next session the House of Commons' consideration of the Senate's revised version of the Criminal Code, and most of the legislation still on the order paper is of minor importance and unlikely to provoke sharp controversy. Mr. Drew, however, intends to use the opportunities offered by motions to go into supply to raise some issues, which may produce interesting debates.

But it is expected that in order to facilitate an early prorogation the parties in opposition will show an accommodating spirit on most issues —with one exception. Their feeling of persistent frustration at the hands of the Liberal majority on the special committee on expeditures for defence ensures for the unfortunate Mr. Claxton another severe gruelling about the extravagant activities of his Department.

The recent surprising developments in the international field, and the possibilities opened up by them for at least an easement of the tension which has prevailed for some years, will claim the close attention of the Cabinet in the coming weeks. It is understood, however, that the view of the Government's international experts is that the western democracies should still use a long spoon to sup with Russia and her allies, and that they cherish a deep suspicion that the real objective of the succession of conciliatory gestures from Moscow and Peiping, and particularly the proposals for a fresh discussion of the whole problem of Germany, is to block before it is too late the rearmament of Western Germany.

An interesting subject of speculation is the effect which a termination of the cold war, accompanied by a substantial measure of disarmament, would have upon the fortunes of our political parties in the coming Federal election.

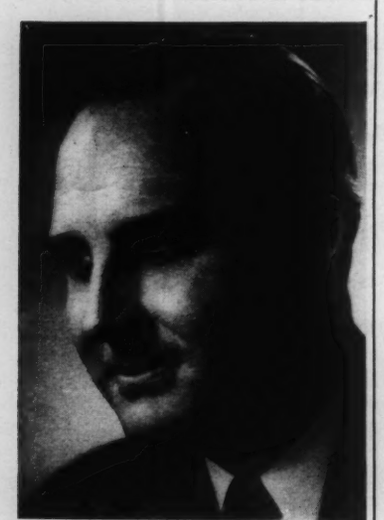
If, before it occurred, some sort of working concordat between the western democracies and the Communist bloc was achieved, the Liberals would, of course, claim some credit for it on the theory that Mr. Pearson had been one of the guiding spirits, who had built the UN and NATO into such formidable organizations that the Russians and their allies had been frightened into a conciliatory mood. But this claim will be hard to sustain.

However, an agreement for general disarmament on a substantial scale would certainly enable our annual outlays for defence to be reduced, possibly to the extent of a billion dollars. The benefits of such a cut could be passed on to the taxpayers in the form of relief of taxation, but another Budget would be required for this purpose.

So, if there emerged a reasonably assured prospect of offering an abatement of tax burdens, which would earn real gratitude from the taxpayers, the St. Laurent Ministry might well revise its plan for holding an election in the fall. A Budget produced next February or March, which decreed a further relief of income taxation and reduced the sales tax by 2 or 3 per cent, a move which would lower the cost of living, would be a valuable electioneering asset and the Government could then appeal in May or June, 1954, for a new mandate with much better chances of success than next fall. But there might also be one fly in the ointment.

The sharp slump which has befallen in the stock markets since the first announcement of the Communist gestures for peace indicates that shrewd operators in these markets forebode a serious economic recession on the North American continent, if orders for armaments are suddenly stopped or even drastically curtailed. There is abundant evidence that the huge expansion of programs for defence since 1950 has given a great stimulus to industrial activity in both Canada and the United States. If this prop to their prosperity were withdrawn, drastic readjustments in the national economies of both countries would be inevitable. The process might produce widespread unemployment and a recession in general business, two developments which are always adverse factors against a Government in an election.

If the overtures now being made from the other side of the Iron Curtain prove to be sincere and bear practical fruits, Mr. St. Laurent and his colleagues will have to engage in a delicate calculation about exactly how profitable it would be to postpone the election until next summer.



EARL S. NEAL

Earl S. Neal, general manager of the producing department of Imperial Oil Ltd., has been elected to the company's board of directors. A graduate of the College of Mining at the University of California, Mr. Neal was formerly chief geologist for the Lago Petroleum Corp. in Venezuela. Subsequently he was in charge of world-wide petroleum reserve studies and head of the producing economics section of Standard Oil Co. (N.J.).

Mr. Neal is a member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers and the American Association of Petroleum Geologists.

Enraptured Member

THOMAS GOODE, the Liberal member for the Burnaby division of British Columbia, is no shrinking violet by a mossy stone. He is a native of Yorkshire, in England, who served for some years with credit in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In the election of 1949 he secured the Liberal nomination for Burnaby, and in a four-cornered contest he just nosed through to victory ahead of Mrs. Doris Steeves, one of the extremist firebrands of the CCF, by the narrow majority of 295. Arrived at Ottawa, he did not stir the pulses of Parliament by any brilliant contributions to its debates, but he has been a faithful backbench supporter of the Government.

He became a member of the special committee of the Commons which deals with external affairs, and so far his contributions to its deliberations have not stamped him as a learned authority upon international problems. However, early this year he got himself appointed as one of the parliamentary members of the Canadian delegation to the UN Assembly, and he and his wife had a pleasant jaunt to New York. What part Mr. Goode played in the debates of the Assembly remains obscure, as it was unnoticed by the press, but his attendance at them in an official capacity has become the brightly sparkling highlight of his public career.

William Hazlitt, the greatest of English essayists, in a famous piece styled "Whether genius is conscious of its powers," gave to budding geniuses two solemn warnings: "No really great man ever thought himself so", and "He must be indifferent to his own merits before he can feel confidence in himself." Mr. Goode has obviously never heard of these maxims, or he would not in one of his regular reports of his stewardship, which he makes to the voters of Burnaby, have drawn attention to the high honor which had been paid them indirectly by the choice of their member as one of Canada's spokesmen at a great international assembly. Moreover, the glory was increased, because, as a parliamentary novice, he had won an accolade which had never been bestowed upon senior Liberal members from the province. Some of these Liberal elders are now saying, like Queen Victoria, "We are not amused" by Mr. Goode's rapturous delight in his debut in the international arena.

The Candid Mr. Howe

IN MANY ways our favorite Minister is Mr. C. D. Howe, chiefly because his engaging candor is in shining contrast to the tortuous quibblings and evasions of not a few of his colleagues, when they are driven into a corner. The latest sample of this candor was supplied by Mr. Howe at a recent meeting of Perth County's Federation of Agriculture, whose membership includes a contingent of growers of sugar beets.

In a debate in the House of Commons on February 11, when Mr. Howe was defending his trade agreement with Cuba against attacks by friends of the sugar beet interests, he sought to pacify them by saying that "refined sugar will not be shipped directly from Cuba into the beet-growing markets." When complaint was made at this meeting that Cuban sugar was being sold in Perth County, Mr. Howe denied that there had been any direct shipments of it, but admitted that some quantity might have arrived "indirectly." Thereupon a spokesman of the beet growers said: "Then the statement made by you in the House of Commons was of no value, it was merely a shield." Mr. Howe was reported as replying blithely, "That's right."

West Coast Anxiety

THERE WERE rumors abroad in Ottawa that the provincial Liberals of British Columbia, in their desperate hour of need, had at last persuaded James Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries, to accept their leadership. They were based upon the disclosure that Mr. Sinclair's secretary had been suddenly instructed to pack up his papers, follow him to the Pacific Coast and prepare for a lengthy sojourn there. Such a change of Mr. Sinclair's activities would be an index of Mr. St. Laurent's anxiety about his party's fortunes in BC, as it would be a real sacrifice to lose a colleague who has better brains and more skill as a parliamentarian than any other of his junior Ministers.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

•

The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—*Addison.*

Modesty is the lowest of the virtues, and is a confession of the deficiency it indicates. He who undervalues himself, is justly undervalued by others.—*Hazlitt.*

•

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one that has caught him in a fault, and whom he knows has reason to complain of him; his resentment never subsides till he has regained the advantage he has lost, and found means to make the other do him equal wrong.—*Bruyere.*

Art

A Face-Lifting for the Academy

FOR A presumably staid old matron of the muses, the Royal Canadian Academy has led a startlingly unsettled existence. During its 73 years, the nation's senior art body has been the recipient of a bewildering variety of brickbats and bouquets. For some decades past, it was treated as a rather musty skeleton in the closet of Canadian art. Now, its supporters are attempting to revive the Academy and restore to it its national importance.

The Royal Canadian Academy was launched in 1880 by the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada. It was incorporated two years later with the declaration that: "The objects of the Academy shall be the encouragement, improvement and cultivation of the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and of design in graphic, decorative and industrial arts." The charter further stated that: "The number of Academicians shall not exceed 45 . . . The number of associates limited only by the discretion of the Academy". In 1953, there are 36 full Academicians and nearly 80 Associates.

EARLY development of Canadian art owed much to the leadership and example of the RCA. In spite of the fact that it has been quite properly dubbed a reactionary body during recent decades, its membership over the years has included the majority of Canada's ablest painters. Such great pioneers as Maurice Cullen, J. W. Morrice, Horatio Walker and Clarence Gagnon were members. Also, paradoxically enough, most of the rebel Group of Seven belonged to the venerable Academy. Arthur Lismer, J. E. H. MacDonald, Frank Carmichael, A. Y. Jackson, F. H. Varley and A. J. Casson gave it their allegiance.

DESPITE the vigor of its youth, the Academy seemed to founder as it approached middle age. Many of the reasons are not hard to locate. The formation of new societies, the broad social reaction against established institutions which marked the wild 20's and the harrowing '30's, served to stay the creative hand of the Academy. There was also a sense of creeping paralysis which was even more deep-seated and seemed to come, in part, from an antiquated charter which its members appeared too disinterested to revise. In fact, many Academicians seemed to be reserving their best works for other exhibitions and sending the left-overs to the annuals.

During the '40's its more vocal members began to show their anxiety in a frantic effort to avert the Academy's demise. Arthur Lismer, then an Associate, sounded a bitter note of pessimism in a statement written in the winter of 1943. He referred to the Academy show of that year as "suffering from age and weariness—weary of its own academic reputation, without joy, without inspiration, just another date on the exhibition calendar" . . . "The Academy", Lismer continued, "has failed to keep up with progress in the world of art and artists . . . Why should an Academy be so impervious to change, refusing to recognize its own decadence? Is it the dependence upon a trivial and inadequate government pittance, or a dying respect for a tradition it has failed to uphold?"

The following spring, L. A. C. Panton, now Academy vice-president, echoed Lismer's concern. He bluntly blamed the RCA's deterioration as "the inescapable corollary to a pattern of continued failure of academies everywhere to adjust themselves to the swift surge of new and vigorous movements . . . It is a pattern born of timidity and bewilderment, culminating in the RCA, in a policy of exclusion which seeks to halt the inevitable invasion with the impervious gesture of a Canute". Yet, like many Canadians, Panton continued to believe in the Academy's potential: "Few institutions are so well placed politically, if not ideologically, to launch a crusade to fit art into the very foundations of the better Canada now being designed."

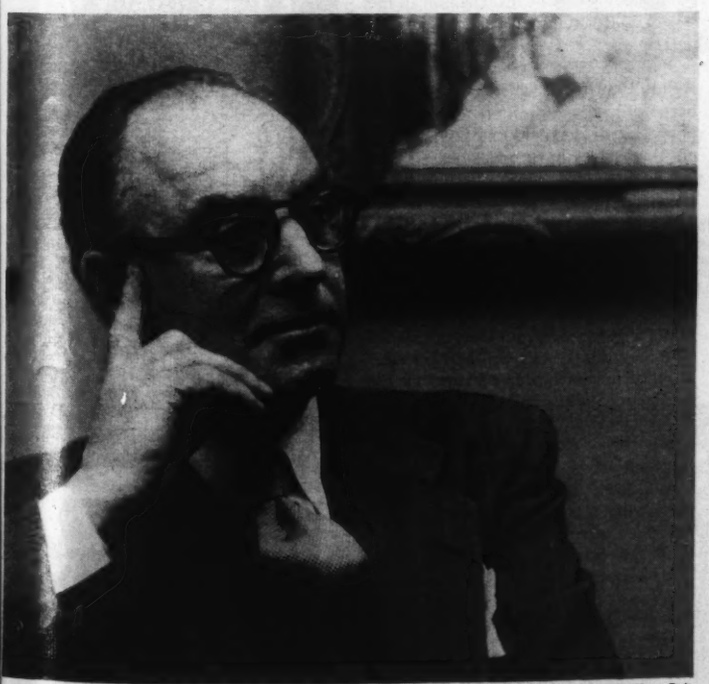
These open declarations of disappointment mobilized the Academy's anxiety. During the past eight years, its members have moved to meet many of the criticisms and to bring new ideas into its charter. Restless rustlings of the Academy's 73-year-old crinolines soon began to be heard at council meetings and informal conferences aimed at reinstating lost prestige and vigor. The first move decided on was the streamlining of the Academy's antiquated charter and by-laws.

ACTIVE reformation began in 1948, with the election of A. J. Casson, a former Group of Seven member, to the presidency. During his term, the Government grant was increased to $4,000—still a small sum, but double what it had been. A new charter, making for a more flexible and vigorous political body, was finally passed in April, 1952. Previously, Associates had no vote in the election of new Associates. They were now brought closer to equality with full Academicians. By the new charter, two Associates are to be included on the vital nominations committee. The Academy council, formerly limited to full Academicians, now includes four Associates among its 15 members.

Besides its better administrative moves, the Academy is striving to improve the quality of its annual exhibitions, which are open to all Canadian artists. At its November show, the five-man jury of selection accepted 119 works out of the 315 submitted. The Academy also decides to add to its numbers only after careful forethought. Prior to an artist's approval by the nominations committee, its members scrutinize a group of photos of his work and consider consistency of past performance.

At its last annual General Assembly in November, the Montreal painter, Robert Pilot was elected to succeed Casson as president. Pilot has been a member of the Academy for more than a quarter of a century, and was an ideal choice to carry on the projected revisions. Born in St. John's, Newfoundland, 54 years ago, the new president carries with him the solid respect of Canadian artists of many schools. Under him, the new council should be able to restore much of the prestige the Academy so carelessly relinquished.

PAUL DUVAL



Ken Bell

ROBERT PILOT: President of the 73-year-old Royal Canadian Academy

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Erosion

When faith and hope and young love's powers
Their youthful ardours lent
I climbed above the level hours
To hills of high content,

But winds of change within the brain
By thought-erosion slow
Have sanded down to common plain
Those peaks of long ago.

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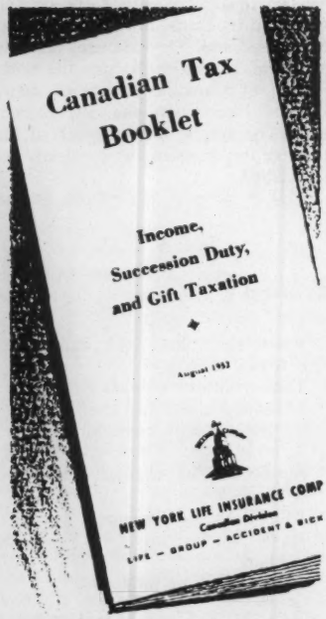

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Foreign Affairs

Peace—Is It Wonderful?

IS THIS SOVIET peace offensive is the real thing; which is not to say that it means real peace or is being conducted for our benefit.

The day Stalin's death was announced I wrote that Malenkov and his associates were likely to reduce the tension in the cold war so that they could reduce the strength of the Soviet Army. This is not only too large for our liking, but too large for the safety of the new party bosses in the Kremlin.

I pointed to the appeasement of the Army through the rehabilitation of its hero, Marshal Zhukov, who was at once appointed Deputy Minister of Defence, the appeasement of the Soviet Union's 30 million Moslems by granting them a representative in the Politburo for the first time; the repeated calls on the people for unity; the great deference shown to Communist China; and the concern shown for the security of the unoccupied satellites, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Albania. Special military alerts were ordered in the latter two countries at the time Stalin's illness was first announced, March 4, while Soviet troops in Eastern Germany were alerted and had their home leave withdrawn on February 28. On March 1, East German troops were alerted along the Czech border. So it seems a reasonable assumption that the several aerial incidents which occurred on succeeding days grew out of this alert, based on fear of a Czech breakaway.

Any notion that these incidents might presage a more provocative policy by the new Soviet rulers was quickly corrected by the regrets expressed in Berlin by General Chuikov —as President Eisenhower at once pointed out, the only regrets he had ever heard of the Soviets expressing— and by Chuikov's offer to meet with the British to discuss air safety measures over Germany. Setting the new policy line in the broadest terms, Malenkov declared before the session of the Supreme Soviet on March 17 that "there is not one disputed or undecided question that cannot be decided by peaceful means on the basis of mutual understanding of interested countries."

The next day, Molotov offered to use his influence to help secure the release of the British Minister to Korea and nine other British subjects who have been held by the North Koreans for the past three years. And before the week was out Radio Moscow was playing a sensational new tune: Britain and the United States, it said, had actually helped Russia to win the war against Germany and Japan!

This was the first friendly gesture to include the United States; some had thought up to this time that the Soviet game was to be nice to the British and tough to the Americans. But now followed quickly the first break in the Korean deadlock, when the enemy command offered to discuss the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners. Then came the big break, when Chou En-lai arrived back in Peking from Moscow to broadcast a statement calling for an end to the Korean War, and Molotov formally gave this effort the backing of the Soviet Government. As icing on the cake, there was the letter of General Chuikov's in the German press calling for a resumption of talks on a German treaty, and a change of front by Vishinsky on disarmament procedure in the UN, in answer to a challenge by the American delegate.

While this relaxation of tension was pressed on many fronts abroad, significant concessions were made to the dissatisfaction of the Soviet peoples with their living standard, as expressly admitted by Beria in his oration over Stalin's bier. Prices were reduced by 10 to 15 per cent on all main food and consumer items, which means an immediate easing of hardship for everyone in Russia, provided the stocks of goods are available. And the practice of the Tsars in throwing open the doors of the jails and prisons at the beginning of a new reign has been followed, with the proclamation of an amnesty which some observers believe may extend to as many as two million of the estimated twelve million or more inmates of the Soviet Union's prisons and slave labor camps.

MANY SIGNS of disaffection in the USSR, summed up in an article in SATURDAY NIGHT two months ago, "The State of the Union Is Rotten", by Edward Crankshaw, have been officially admitted during the past year or so. And the Soviet leaders themselves have never ceased railing against "bourgeois nationalists" in all the national republics such as the Ukraine, Byelorussia, the Baltic States, Azerbaijan, Kazakstan and so on, which is a plain admission that these people still strive for independence. The new regime has tried to counter this with incessant talk of "our multi-national, brotherly state."

Since it seems quite certain that the death of Stalin has precipitated the new peace drive, it is an attractive theory that the Soviets have been brought to it by weakness. But it won't do to ignore the great advantages which the peace-and-trade policy holds out to them, or the evidence that the Soviet leaders have never quite agreed among themselves since 1945 as to whether it would be better to pursue a tough or a soft policy towards the West, and indeed have dabbled with all the policies which are now presented to us as "new." Last summer Stalin gave an interview to

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the Italian fellow-travelling Socialist leader, Nenni, in which he intimated he was ready to reach a settlement with the West which would legalize his war gains.

Over a year ago the Soviets staged a "World Economic Conference" in Moscow to reopen East-West trade. Six months ago Stalin published a new "line" for world Communism in *The Bolshevik*, abandoning the dogma that the capitalist countries were united in preparing a war against the Soviet bloc and stating instead that it was more likely that the capitalist nations would fight among themselves. To ensure this, Stalin intimated plainly that trading difficulties between the rich United States and its poorer European partners must be intensified until the latter broke away, and counted openly on turning Germany and Japan against their Western conquerors.

But the strongest indication of all that the Soviets have always kept open the possibility of switching their policy from "cold war" to "peace" is the way they have kept the Austrian treaty negotiations dribbling on for years, and have never turned Eastern Austria into a satellite; and have kept talks going in Korea, off and on, for nearly two years.

Now they are pulling these safety valves, carrying out this switch in policy. Had this happened before the death of Stalin, it would have been a satisfactory explanation that the Soviet leaders recognized that their cold war policy was driving the West toward unity and a formidable rearmament, all to be used to back the new Eisenhower-Dulles policy of liberation of oppressed peoples.

They were pulling back just before Germany became completely committed to our side, and before the South Korean, Free Chinese and Viet Namese were powerfully armed as American allies in the Far East.

Had these objectives of foreign policy been the only ones behind the peace offensive, however, there would have been no need for the hasty price reduction at home, the amnesty of perhaps two million prisoners in slave labor camps and the promise that the severe laws which sent them there would be repealed, and the reversal of the Kremlin doctors' case. This latter, as I argued in this space in the February 14 issue, bore the plain marks of an attempt to weaken and oust Beria. Carried out under the authority of the head of Stalin's personal secretariat, General Poskrebyshev (perhaps after Stalin had been stricken), and presumably backed by Malenkov, it failed, for within a fortnight the unprecedented criticism of Beria's secret police in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* had turned to praise.

Nevertheless, as the thing appears now, when Stalin died Malenkov made his bid for outright leadership, securing the top post in the government apparatus while trying to hold on to the top post in the Party. For a fortnight the Soviet press and radio referred to him by these titles; and it ran a doctored photo showing him with Stalin and Mao, and washing out Beria and Molotov. It was Malenkov who took the thunderous applause of the special meeting of the Supreme Soviet, announced the new regime and launched the peace offensive. Then the others combined to check him.

He was forced to give up his post of party leadership. Molotov took the credit for offering the cooperation of the Soviet Union in ending the Korean War. Voroshilov, president of the Supreme Soviet, signed the amnesty decree. Malenkov didn't even get his name on the price reduction. And then Beria's Ministry of the Interior came out with its astonishing exposure of the frame-up of the Kremlin doctors, and its even more astonishing admission that the confessions of the doctors had been extorted by "impermissible" police methods, implying that these would be forbidden in future.

It looks as though Beria's play in this struggle for power is to remove the stigma attaching to the head of the police apparatus and present himself as "the people's friend"! If we are pleased and puzzled over what is going on, what must the peoples of the Soviet world be thinking?

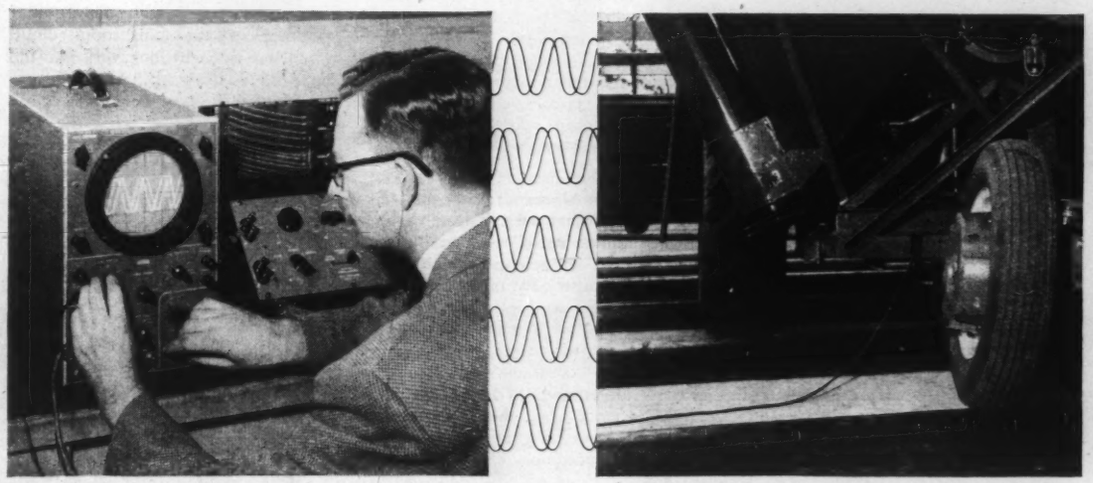
WILLSON WOODSIDE

•

Why is it that nearly every time we switch on radio or television we hear an American or Canadian voice? Is there no English talent?—M. Hawtin, Chipping Norton.—*Letter in the London Daily Mirror.*

Perhaps it's for export only.

Steel writes its own "inside story"—electronically



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Winnipeg Tribune: The guy next to us at the coffee counter says the car he was going to buy this Spring has just gone to have the furnace fixed and he is about to mail his Summer vacation to the tax office.

Christian Science Monitor: Investigations, by their very nature, must look into charges that may be made by chronic malcontents, irresponsible publicity-seekers, and persons with private grudges or inaccurate information. But when these are aired on television before millions of people unacquainted with all the complex facts of a case, there is grave danger of injustice.

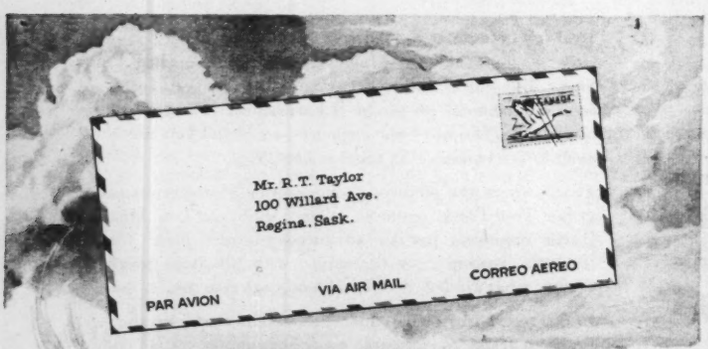
Le Soleil, Quebec: A short study of the psychology of different peoples shows that in general Anglo-Saxons have a higher civic sense than Latins. In England, for example, eight years after the end of the war severe rationing is always rigorously observed by the majority of the people. In that country, ceaselessly threatened by different kinds of poverty, a war regime has been maintained for almost 15 years without giving rise to the generalized abuses observable elsewhere. From that point of view the English deserve our admiration.

Le Devoir: It is remarkable that Marxism, the philosophy born of criticism of industrial civilization, has until now succeeded in planting itself only in countries with an agricultural economy. The Russia of 1917 was a paradise for boyars and hell for the serfs. It was by promising land to the peasants that the Bolsheviks succeeded in gaining and keeping power. It is in the name of agrarian reform and expropriation of the mandarins that Mao Tse-tung has swept China. The first revolution in China, that of 1928, depended upon the workers of Shanghai and other great industrial centres. Mao Tse-tung's revolt succeeded because it conquered the peasant. . . It is among the rural masses that Karl Marx finds most of his converts.

Donald Culross Peattie: If you have a message for science you will have to file your idea with the ages, and some time in the course of them, your posterity will be notified what is thought of it.

H. H. Hannam, President, Canadian Federation of Agriculture: The dairy cow is the best and oldest forage harvesting machine on the market. She is equipped with a mower and grinder on one end and a manure spreader on the other. In between is an extremely complex and highly efficient manufacturing plant specially designed for the conversion of large quantities of pasture, silage and hay into nature's most nearly perfect food —milk.

P. Frank in Modern Science and Its Philosophy: What we call in a vague way "common sense" is actually an older system of science which was dropped because new discoveries demanded a new conceptual scheme, a new language of science. Therefore the attempt to interpret scientific principles by "common sense" means actually an attempt to formulate our actual science by the conceptual scheme that was adequate in an older stage of science, now abandoned.



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Films

Drama at Yucca Flat

THE MOST memorable film of the week was an ominous short subject entitled *Operation A-Bomb*.

This is the official record of the recent demonstration at Yucca Flat, Nebraska, euphemistically entitled "Nuclear Diagnostic Device". Diagnosis: If you lie face down in a five foot trench two miles from the point of explosion you will survive. Everything and everybody else will be twisted out of recognition and burned to a crisp.

Operation A-Bomb, which is filmed in technicolor, appropriately hellish in tone, starts off with the familiar spectacle of the mushroom cloud which has come to look very like the shape of death itself. After the radioactive dust has begun to clear away, we are shown what the Nuclear Diagnostic Device is capable of doing not only to tanks, trucks and army vehicles, but to an assortment of store dummies distributed at points of maximum danger. The film also employs live talent—a group of GIs who occupy the trenches and later advance over the scorched and twisted terrain. Most of those rounded up in front of the camera agreed that the whole affair was a good deal less awe-inspiring than they had expected.

Operation A-Bomb is as vivid and detailed a demonstration as the screen is capable of offering under anything less than war conditions. The warning it is probably intended to convey is that there is less point than usual in burying one's head in the sand, when even the sand is capable of turning radioactive. The matinee audience took it placidly, however; for the sheer inconceivability of the A-bomb still offers some protection for the imagination. Quite possibly, when the time comes, we will never know what hit us.

ONE INDICATION of our perverse human optimism is that we can accept the goings-on at Yucca Flat as routine newsreel material, and then allow ourselves to be misled into a state of suspense by the following *Hitch-Hiker*.

The Hitch-Hiker was directed by Ida Lupino, who doesn't appear in the film—unfortunately, since she is usually an interesting actress to watch. Her work here seems to indicate that she is a good deal more talented in front of the camera than behind it.

This is the story of a notorious hitch-hiker who had a long and fairly successful criminal run in Southern California. His practice was to beg a ride and then shoot and rob his host, though he sometimes varied the routine by taking the host along as chauffeur and shooting and robbing him later. As played here by William Talman, he is a fairly formidable figure, and the make-up department has made him even more alarming by setting him up with a paralyzed eyelid that never closes, even in sleep. This is particularly unnerving to his victims (Edmund O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy), who can never be quite certain their kidnapper is on guard or snatching a catnap.

Apart from this novelty *The Hitch-Hiker* hasn't a great deal to offer. The trio ride and ride along the dusty, endless Mexican roads, stopping off occasionally for canned beans and coffee, like a morose picnic party; and though the situation bristles with perils, the perils themselves are almost as undifferentiated as the cacti along the highway.

Twenty-Four Hours of a Woman's Life presents Leo Genn as a novelist, and an obviously successful one, since he can finance a private yacht anchored off Monte Carlo. He never does a tap of work, however, but just sits about in cafes brooding over human nature and passing on his findings to autograph fans, all of whom are crazy about him. It sounds like an ideal life, but it makes a dismally slow start for a movie.

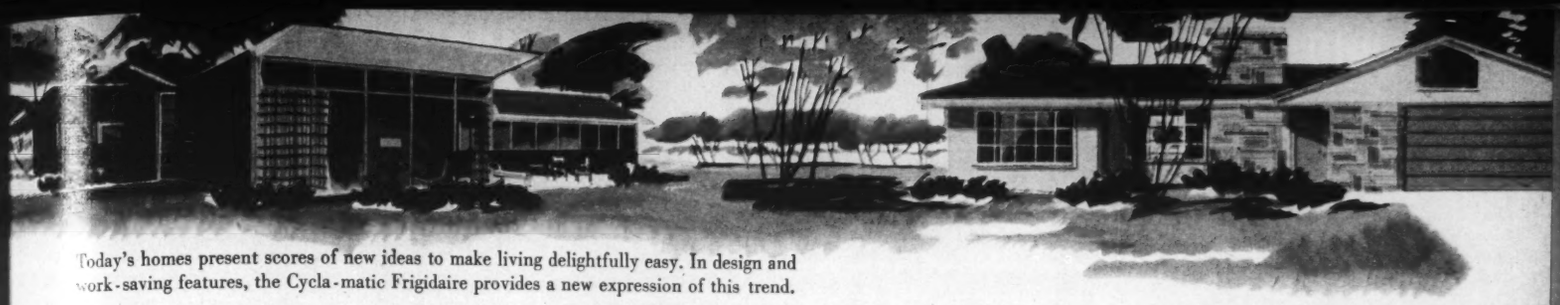
One of Novelist Genn's profounder discoveries is that a woman can fall crazily in love at first sight. This finally launches him into his story, which has to do with a wealthy and beautiful widow (Merle Oberon) and her wild brief passion for a youthful gambler (Richard Todd). The gambler has just sacrificed his aunt's diamond ear-rings at the roulette table and is about to shoot himself when the widow intervenes, rushes him off to a quiet hotel, sits up with him all night and whisks him off next morning for a romantic day in the country. She also lends him 20,000 francs to straighten him out with his aunt, only to discover at the end of her twenty-four hours that her young man is as irredeemable as the diamond ear-rings.

Nothing in the performances of Mr. Genn, Mr. Todd or Miss Oberon in *Twenty-Four Hours of a Woman's Life* is likely to reconcile you to the hour and a half they have wasted out of yours.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Niagara Falls Review: They tell of the man eating in a restaurant in Communist-dominated Prague who came upon a piece of automobile tire in his soup. He complained to the waiter, who replied: "Well, comrade, everything is going as planned. In line with the latest Five Year Plan, the automobile is replacing the horse."



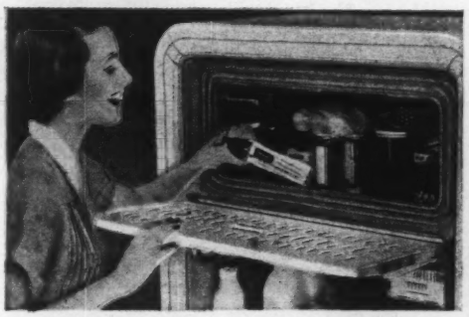
Today's homes present scores of new ideas to make living delightfully easy. In design and work-saving features, the Cycla-matic Frigidaire provides a new expression of this trend.

The Cycla-matic Frigidaire with the NEW IDEAS was made for today's new, exciting way of living

It's a true food freezer plus a roomy refrigerator—with a new kind of automatic defrosting

Seldom has a new idea caught on so fast as "Cycla-matic." All across Canada housewives have discovered that Cycla-matic—offered only by Frigidaire—means a brand new kind of food-keeper. As different from the ordinary household refrigerator as *that* appliance differs from the old-fashioned ice-box.

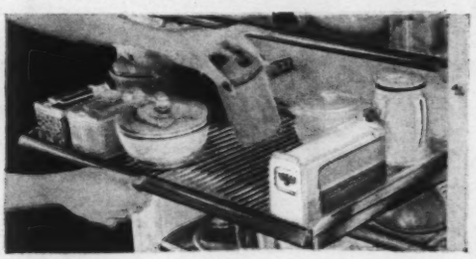
The Cycla-matic Frigidaire is a true food freezer *plus* a big refrigerator. With a new kind of automatic Levelcold. With an exclusive Refrig-o-plate that keeps proper temperatures within the refrigerator and defrosts automatically. Really, you've never before seen so many modern food-keeping ideas as you'll see in this years-ahead Frigidaire—now in two new Cycla-matic Models, both powered by the famous Meter-Miser.



New ideas in a food freezer! Now you can store almost 50 pounds of frozen foods in this completely separate, heavily insulated food freezer compartment with its own refrigerating system. Food keeps for months—you use it when you choose. Leftovers, instead of being a waste or a problem, can be saved for later use. You can even bake bread, pies, cakes—serving part, storing the rest. And always have plenty of ice cubes on hand in easy-to-operate Quickube Trays.

Cycla-matic model DS-106

New ideas in automatic defrosting! Refrigerator frost is banished before it collects. The Cycla-matic system, working with the Refrig-o-plate, both cools the refrigerator and brings you the fastest, safest, surest automatic defrosting known—without heat or manual controls.



New ideas in fresh food storage! New exclusive rust-proof aluminum Roll-to-You Shelves, in both Cycla-matic models, glide out all the way—put even back-shelf food at your finger tips. There's wonderfully generous storage space, spacious door shelves, a new utility tray for keeping cheese and small packages, lots of welcome room. There are two big bin-type super-moist Hydrators for fruits and vegetables. And you'll find a new kind of Levelcold—right for refrigerator and freezer. See the wonderful new Cycla-matic models now on display at your nearby Frigidaire Dealer's. You'll find his name in the Yellow Pages of the phone book—or write Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Scarborough (Toronto 13), Ontario, for a free descriptive folder.

Cycla-matic Frigidaire

The Food Freezer-Refrigerator built and backed by General Motors

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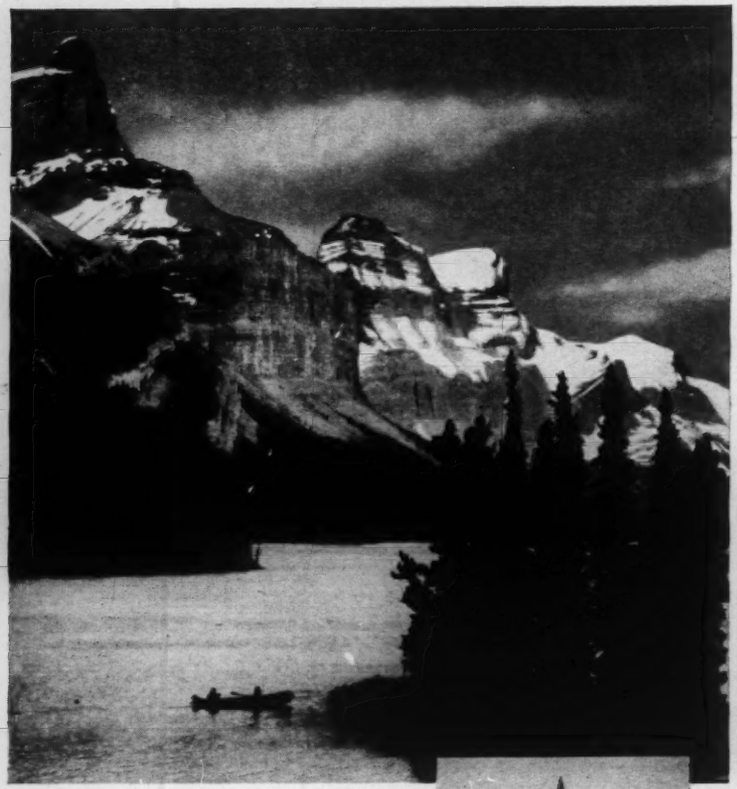

At Jasper Park Lodge you'll enjoy a full vacation . . . golfing, riding, fishing, motoring or just relaxing. It's a rustic Alpine village of log bungalows, flowers, velvet lawns. You'll delight in gay social life in the new and spacious central building of Jasper Park Lodge. When you see Maligne Lake (above) you'll agree with world travellers that nowhere else does nature display more breathtaking beauty.

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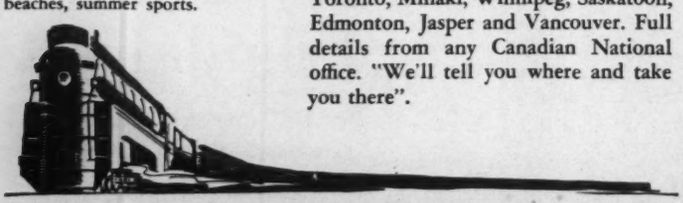

The Passing Show

Columnists in Clover

TO THE VISITOR to Vancouver, trying to understand the almost incomprehensible city, sooner or later stops and stares at a local phenomenon that causes him to abandon the attempt at understanding. He is facing a large floodlit billboard showing a collection of faces, with names attached. They are not Wanted Men, but the stars of Vancouver and the vicinity. They are the city's newspaper columnists.

In one day's examination of the two afternoon papers and the morning *News Herald*, the reader finds no less than 37 major or minor commentators. This figure excludes syndicated columnists, but includes sports writers, radio and entertainment critics, and Teen Town gossips with a byline. An average day's total acreage is 18 columns, or two and a half pages of chit-chat. In a week, the more assiduous writers render to the public the benefit of 4,500 words, the equivalent in a year of three full-size books. A reader who consumes every word of Vancouver's columns, digests what amounts to 50 average books in a year.

They are the darlings of the printed word, these columnists in clover.

There is no danger of these privileged people being labelled gossips, tale-tellers, assassins of character or keyhole commentators. It is even difficult to discover much of what goes on the city by reading the columns. With some exceptions, they do not, like the old-fashioned columnists and leg-men, run around the city to civic events, to the courts and the crowded arenas where news is made. They are unique in their profession—stay-at-home diarists, whose mixture is strictly home-brew.

But if we are denied their viewpoints on the events of the day, we are compensated by an intimate revelation of their own lives. We, the people, know their spouses, their kids, their circumstances, private failings, and even the gaudy details of their hangovers. They hold up a mirror, not to life, but to themselves. The ultimate is reached when the columnist not only writes about another columnist, but edifies the public with what another columnist has to say about himself. It is the ultimate in cannibalism, in taking in the neighbor's washing (without, of course, airing any dirty linen).

The variety of their interests, prejudices, and individual idiosyncracies is so varied as to be bewildering. They portray themselves as helpless dreamers, unable to pack a bag or remember to post a letter, but ready with an indignant protest on a major national subject, such as capital punishment, taxes, and United States policy. In face of this competition, the editorials seem redundant. But the next day the columnist will revert to the old subjects — the baby's maladies, the splendor of a sunset, the columnist's secret agony on viewing a dog in distress.

At one period, so generous were the columnists with domestic revelations that you would have thought nothing of importance was worthy of note in the Province of British Columbia. It happened that about that time Barry Mather, the morose satirist of the *Sun*, was presented with a cow by admirers. The cow's intimate history became front page news. For a while we had relief from the dramas of the boudoir, for udder-news had stolen the show, and reports from the byre made a nice change.

Another subject much favored is the travail of a columnist's life—so agonizingly portrayed that the foreigner could believe that these were slaves forced into this drudgery by a tyrannous overlord, though at heart they would rather be honest farmers. The eventual conclusion, however, must be that the columnists stay at their treadmills either for the money or for the public weal.

THE BIG GUN of the *Sun*, who has leased diggings on the upper slopes of the editorial page, is Elmore Philpott, who has given, gratis, an interesting new barter scheme to the United Kingdom. Philpott is probably the best liked and respected of all the denizens of this bizarre journalistic jungle. He travels far and wide in Europe and the Far East, and recently received the accolade from a reader: "He is a living proof that inconsistency is the mark of genius".

Jack Scott, an opinionated veteran of the *Sun* and a smooth writer, is responsible for much of my knowledge of children and their fascinating idiosyncrasies, and also for my acquaintance with Mrs. Scott, who appears as "Browneyes". Scott's column, often on his travels in the East and the USA, appears in several upcountry weeklies, and his views on country living are well known to half B.C. He puts the other columnists properly in their place by his example, for he not only refuses to live or work in the city of Vancouver, but calls his column "Our Town". Irony could go no further.

Another exception to the rule that columnists do not move from their typewriters is Jim Fairley, covering the waterfront, and mention should be made of a valiant "Night Life Editor" named Wasserman, who actually devises a readable column in a city with only three nightspots and a few clubs. Two others, Doug Glasgow and Bill Dunford, are somewhat like the old padding legman with their diaries of Vancouver in the "Names Make

THE THRILLING NEW BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN

This is the 1953 Chevrolet . . . and these are some of the wonderful new things it brings you . . . .

The 1953 Chevrolets in three series are *entirely new*, through and through, and bring you more advanced features than any other Chevrolet in history.

For example, if it's *beauty* you want . . . take a look at the long, low, smoothly rounded lines of this car . . . the superbly styled exterior and interior of its new Fashion-First Body by Fisher . . . and you'll *know* that here is beauty hitherto found only in custom-built creations.

If it's *performance* you want . . . take the wheel and experience the new power, acceleration and passing ability of Chevrolet's 115-h.p. "Blue Flame" Valve-in-Head engine* or the highly improved 108-h.p. "Thrift-King" engine.

If it's *comfort* and *safety* you want . . . you'll prize the roominess of Chevrolet interiors . . . the ease of Velvet-Pressure Brakes . . . the luxury of the Knee-Action Ride.

And if it's *economy* you want — you'll be glad to know these new Chevrolets are thriftier than ever and *lowest-priced line* in their field. See and drive them at your earliest convenience.

The new interiors are richer, roomier. They're large, spacious, luxuriously comfortable. Decorated to harmonize with exterior colors in "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models.

You'll enjoy finer performance and economy. Choose the brand new 115-h.p. "Blue Flame" Valve-in-Head engine* or the highly improved 108-h.p. "Thrift-King" Valve-in-Head engine. Both give thrilling new power, acceleration and passing ability — together with *greater operating economy.*

New Powerglide gives faster getaway. Chevrolet's famed Powerglide Automatic Transmission,* coupled with the entirely new "Blue Flame" engine, gives much fleeter performance, greater economy, and smoother, more relaxed, no-shift driving.

New Power Steering lets you turn the wheel with your finger tips. New, Extra-Easy Power Steering permits you to park and steer with finger-tip ease. (Available on all models equipped with automatic transmission at extra cost.)

The car is stronger, more durable. The Body by Fisher is sturdier than ever, and the entire car more durable, due to stronger and more rigid construction in part after part.

Item after item for your comfort, safety. New Center-Fold Front Seat Backs, in 2-door models. New *Finger-Fit* Steering Wheel. GM Shade-Lite Tinted Glass (optional at extra cost) in windshield and *all* windows of sedans and coupes.

The New Autronic Eye dims and brightens headlights automatically. Optional at extra cost this amazing electronic device contributes greatly to the comfort, safety and convenience of night driving.

No lifting luggage over a high ledge. New, larger deck opening —almost flush with compartment floor—permits easier storage.

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LN-8

COAST TO COAST SALES & SERVICE

News" style. The aforementioned Barry Mather, a veteran of the copy desk, writes "Mather's Nightcap"—a dozen five-line paragraphs that often capsule the city's controversies with a pleasing bitterness. Though bemoaning his lot as producer of these 300 words a day, he refused an offer of Beaverbrook to join the Express papers in London.

Eric Nicol, a poet, novelist, and dramatist with a three-day-a-week contract on the *Province*, swerves bewilderingly between what might be called brassiere humor, wild swinging at the United States, and, at times, good journalese. But so far, up to and including the pleasant Nicol-odeon tinkling of his pieces, we know nothing of what goes on in the great city of Vancouver.

Nor does illumination emanate from "The Lantern", a daily column by Wilfred Bennet, who doesn't even write the column he signs every day in the *Sun*. He edits the poems, wisecracks and comments of his readers, and strangely enough, "The Lantern" is a good folksy pillar of salt.

The ladies in charge of the pillars of sugar receive equal homage from the public, and in return, keep the plebs well informed about themselves. Pat Wallace, *Province* Women's Editor, seldom leaves a sunset undescribed and records the comings and goings of Vancouverites so faithfully that a distinct impression is left of the citizens endlessly voyaging to Paris and the Far East, ceaselessly presiding at the urns, and, as she headlines it, "crowding the traffic lanes".

At that, she might have in mind her fellow editor, the striking Marie Moreau of the *Province*, one of Canada's best dressed women, who covers the New York fashion shows and was recently invited by the Guatemalan Government to tour that country.

Equally well travelled is Evelyn Caldwell, the first Canadian woman reporter into Korea, who as "Penny Wise" keeps the public advised of news in the department stores. Miss Caldwell also keeps the public *au fait* with the wellbeing of her doll, to which she is firmly attached, and which accompanies her on many assignments.

Mamie Maloney, with the intimate details of whose life I am embarrassingly familiar through her column, lives on Vancouver Island. But the mere fact of being remote from the life of the city, protected from its vulgar bustle, is little handicap. The words still pour from the typewriter, which I picture as being situated midway between the bottle steriliser and the play-pen. Sample lead paragraph: "What with eleven little boys for a birthday party, plus unexpected guests and a bout with the 'flu, we're wading around in two inches of dust at our house . . ." We may not have our finger on the pulse of the city, but we seldom miss a sniffle from the nursery.

Jean Howarth, a national fiction-award winner, gave us recently an intimate chronicle of herself as a new driver. A proved member of the hot-under-the-collar school, she espouses Causes, strikes blows for rights while the iron is hot, and, incidentally, defends columnists. "This third-rate school-teacher is insular," wrote one rude reader. Miss Howarth replied: "The technique of insulting columnists should be studied. Read the column carefully, figure out the writer's weak spots, and let them have it in the kidney".

There is one desolate male on the women's pages, a former Swiss who claims to be the only columnist in North America who doesn't speak English. John Ray writes under the heading "No Man's Land", mostly on Love and kindred subjects, a feat which lost its effect in the *News Herald* recently when the make-up men rounded out a somewhat swoony column with the filler: "It is estimated that three quarters of human twins are the result of two fertile eggs, and only one quarter the result of a single split egg."

Add to this gallimaufrey the sports columns, where Lee Straight and "Pintail" are purists in the exotic style that gave North American journalism some great fictioneers; the entertainment editors like Clyde Gilmour, Norman Sewadie and Dick Diespecker, the business columnists like R. J. Moore and Don Carlson, the food editors in a land where the public eats only to keep alive, the Garden Editors in a Province that keeps alive only to garden; Diana Gray of the Tillicums Column, the Farm Editors, the Teenage Editors — and you have more columns than ancient Greece.

What, it may be asked, has all this to do with the City of Vancouver? Does Vancouver deserve this confession-coverage? What is there about the city that makes it physiologically a victim to pap from the local Pepys? The public seems to like the columnists, asks them to judge beauty contests, dog shows and sand-pile competitions, and accepts them as philosophers in an Ivory Tower (accent on the "I").

One steady column-filler said: "It's impossible to get out and look at the city and write a column as well". An editor said: "I turn down a budding columnist every day. After all we've got to have *some* news in the paper". A visitor said: "It's the evergreen playground for the byline brigade".

But another columnist probably had the final comment.

"It's better than working for a living," he said, and returned to his bed of clover.

ROLAND WILD

•

Arithmetic

Those twittering swallows, hawking
between the ricks—
The oddest theirs of all arithmetics.

Daring the seas, the cliffs of England
won,
Two in late April came . . .
Their housework done,
They conned this simple problem:—
(1 x 1).
And lo! — in the evening sunshine,
gilding the ricks—
Four blunt-tailed fledglings, and the
answer—*six*!

WALTER DE LA MARE

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What makes a toaster get hot, Daddy?

"Resistance makes a toaster get hot. When you try to push your way through a door and Jim resists you or tries to push you back, you get hot. And when electricity tries to push its way through some metals, they resist and get hot too. The wire in toaster elements is made of a mixture of nickel and chromium, and gets hot just like the filament in an electric light bulb."

"Why doesn't it melt, Dad?"

"Wire made of some metals like iron would burn away in a second. In the early days they had trouble finding a metal that would last. Certain nickel alloys heat up very quickly, and can stay very hot over long periods of time without scaling or warping. That's one reason why nickel from Canadian mines is so much in demand."

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Books

The Manfred of Brooklyn

MANY A TRUE word is spoken in jest and W. S. Gilbert did no more than put a plain fact in rhyme when he wrote:

When the felon's not engaged in his employment,
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.

Here is another book which gives evidence to support this already well attested opinion. Described as "The Personal Story of the Most Daring Bank Robber and Jail Breaker of our Time" it is a quasi-autobiography of Willie Sutton, written with what we may assume was a considerable degree of help from Quentin Reynolds.

Willie was fond of innocent enjoyment, and he and Mr. Reynolds describe his Arcadian gambols with all the rich sentimentality of their Irish hearts. Consider that sacred moment in 1930: "I guess every father knows what I mean; the first time you hold your baby in your arms you get a thrill that can't be described". Admirable, but this great moment which Willie shares with the generality of mankind did nothing to deter him from larceny on a grand scale.

Willie had his love affairs, and what he says about them has a likeable and sincere ring. But they did not inspire him to lead the life of an honest man. Willie loves books; he tells us so again and again, and his favourite writer appears to be Bishop Fulton Sheen. But admiration for the strong practical morality preached by Bishop Sheen did not seriously discommode Willie's professional pursuits. Indeed, before we have finished his book we are slightly nauseated by Willie's fine feelings, and we recall the bitter words from the *Book of Proverbs*: "The evil bow before the good and the wicked at the gates of the righteous". Yes, and then they pick the lock.

Disgust with Willie does not blind us to the fact that his book is packed with interest. Simply as an exciting story it is very good value. As a cautionary tale it is first-rate; Willie, at the age of fifty-one, found himself in jail without any hope of ever being free again, and of the approximate two million dollars that he stole he had about $11,000 when he was last caught. Crime did not pay Willie very handsomely. But it is as a psychological study that the book is of greatest interest, though the reader who expects to enjoy it on that level must keep his wits about him, and not permit himself to be beguiled by Willie or by Quentin Reynolds.

The publishers tell us that this book has been written "that American youth may be disabused of a false ideal". We are sure that they are sincere in that statement. But we may wonder if Willie really thinks so. His name in the underworld was The Actor, and we should never forget that the Greeks very wisely used the same word for actor and hypocrite. Not that Willie appears to be a conscious hypocrite; he is that much more dangerous fellow, the unconscious hypocrite, the man whose mind moves with equal efficiency in two directions at once. Willie tells us that much of his time in jail has been spent in trying to discover why he is the man he is. Why is this gentle, book-loving, kindly fellow Willie Sutton an unusually able bank robber? And he comes to the conclusion that it is because he has never been able to resist the attraction of easy money.

This seems a poor explanation. Virtually everybody likes easy money, but virtually everybody draws a line at what he will do to get it. And people draw this line without wallowing in introspection, as Willie does. For they are not utterly fascinated by themselves, which seems to be Willie's trouble. He dotes upon Willie. It is not mere conceit; he does not brag vulgarly of his cleverness. It is a far deeper fascination; he brags of his weakness; he holds himself up as a dreadful example to the young; he flogs himself with evident enjoyment. And to deepen our understanding of Willie we must turn for a moment to a man who appears, on the surface, to be a very different sort of criminal.

That man was Pierre-François Lacenaire, who was beheaded in Paris in 1836 for a brutal murder and robbery. Last year an admirable edition and translation of his *Memoirs*, prepared by Philip John Stead, appeared in England. Théophile Gautier said of him, "Il fût le Manfred du ruisseau", and in this revealing judgment we find the heart of Lacenaire and the heart of Willie Sutton. Both were Romantics; both saw themselves with that intense preoccupation, that extravagance, that humorlessness, that rapt doting upon self, which is what Romanticism is likely to be in third-rate minds.

The Romantic attitude sets a man free from ordinary concerns of morality. It permits him to enjoy a wide variety of irreconcilable emotions. The world exists only in his mind and other people have significance only as they reflect himself. Lacenaire makes all this plain in the plangent rhetoric of his self-justification. And so does Willie: "I brought bad luck to everyone I ever knew" . . . "If I hurt women who trusted me, I brought absolute destruction to the men who worked with me" . . . "After I was sentenced in 1952, my mind kept reverting to the men and

How to lead your son to success

No doubt about his eventual success in learning to walk, is there? But success comes easier at the age of one than at twenty-one.

When your son is ready to begin his career, he'll need your help again. Here is a plan, called the Estate Builder, that will enable you to start him on the way to success at a cost of about $1 a week. Each $1,000 unit of the Estate Builder increases to $5,000 of life insurance protection at age 21. There will be *no* increase in cost or further medical examination for this multiplied protection.

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PROVINCE.....

women who had gained nothing but death, misfortune and heartbreak through association with me; like Typhoid Mary, I seemed to carry some malignant germ that destroyed everyone I came in contact with . . ." This is the burden of Willie's song. Not that he was a criminal who consorted with criminals and dragged women into evil associations — no, he sees himself in that favorite romantic role, the Fated Man, the Flying Dutchman; and as Lacenaire was the Manfred of the gutter, Willie is the Manfred of Brooklyn.

Willie's failure was not the fault of society; he appears to have had a good home, an orthodox Catholic upbringing, and a fair if not spectacular start in life. Willie's failure, if we may judge by what Quentin Reynolds has written for him, is the failure of Willie alone — the egocentricity of a third-rate, clever mind, soaked in stale romanticism. It is an interesting—yes, a fascinating — story, not without unconscious humor. And the best joke appears to be Willie's fear that impressionable boys will regard him as a hero. Willie is a sad failure, and any boy who cannot see it must have a mind so impressionable as to be positively fluid.

Let us turn from the paste gems of the Sutton-Reynolds prose to a new edition of *Murder and Its Motives*, which Miss F. Tennyson Jesse has prepared on the basis of her original work, which appeared in 1924. This is a classic of criminal study, well written and of great interest. The author maintains that murders fall into six categories: murder for gain, for revenge, for elimination, from jealousy, from lust for killing, or from conviction. She analyzes a famous instance in each department, and in fifty pages of introduction she discusses murder in general, with scholarship and admirable clarity of mind.

It is this clarity, this grasp, which is utterly lacking in Willie Sutton's book. In spite of much pretended self-analysis, all is romantic chaos there. It is illuminating to read the two books at one time. The mind of the criminal, and the mind of the student of criminology; the mind of the man who protests that he loves books, and the mind of the woman who really knows books; the mind of the romantic, and the mind of the classicist: in these books we find these instructive contrasts.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

I, WILLIE SUTTON—by Quentin Reynolds—pp. 273—*Ambassador Books*—$4.50.
MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES—by F. Tennyson Jesse—pp. 217 and index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

In Brief

THE BUFFALO WALLOW—by Charles Tenny Jackson—pp. 253—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.00.

Close to remembered reality, the author says of this novel of his boyhood seventy years ago in Nebraska. Its language will pass the Canadian parliamentarians ferreting for dirty words, and its message the American congressional committee on un-American activities. There is much homely humor and vocabulary. It is Huck Finn without Mark Twain. Suitable to Old Boys and younger.

THE CREST OF THE BROKEN WAVE — by James Barke—pp. 320—*Collins*—$3.00.

The immortal memory gets another hoop. It is a halo, really, for who can write four novels on the life of Robert Burns and not sanctify him? A fifth and final novel is to complete the cycle, which is then to be called *The Immortal Memory*. This must be a work of piety no matter how good the scholarship and the fictional art. The series began with *The Wind That Shakes The Barley*, a praised and admired book. Its readers will find the present volume, which deals with Burn's Ellisland period, 1788-1791, equally vivid and earthy. It is devoted without being too devout.

Burns returned from his Edinburgh triumphs to make a living as a farmer in his boyhood environment, and to build his house at Ellisland. He was burdened by fears, melancholia and booze. "Less than at any time in his young life was he fitted for his heavy manual labour".

But it was here, says novelist Barke, that Burns reached the crest of his wave and here that the wave broke under him. The latter is true. Yet, did James Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, to which Burns contributed in this period, contain the best, the crest of the original Burns? . . . The writer restores Anna Park as a Bard's decent beloved, and not a bawd.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN — by Emma L. Patterson — pp. 281 — *Longmans, Green*—$3.50.

"I stand rebuked," said the lord of the manor to eighteen-year-old Dirk, the hero of this story of the American Revolution which turned "the world upside down". That is a sample of the honest, stolid phraseology of the novel. The setting and incidents are more exciting, especially for youthful readers for whom, one believes, the story has been written. It has a moral, American and democratic. The war story is told by a writer who is also a high school librarian in upper New York State, where the tale is set, and who has contributed to a religious quarterly.

O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD — by Martha Martin—pp. 223—*Macmillan*—$3.75.

The north hits new people hard. Think what it did for Farley Mowat, who wrote his emotional *The People of the Deer* last year, after his brief sojourn among them. That book is now talked about and published in several lands. Well, the North is hard, and sensitive people emote from exposure to it. Mowat's account of another segment of it was political and social as well as graphic. The graphic story now under notice is solely and intensely personal, gaining art because it is told after the event, and authenticity because the author is still among "shy, fat, smelly, friendly, kindhearted Indians". It bids fair to reach many lands and people, for it is a heart-beat out of unknown, exciting country.

Martha Martin, an American, went to Alaska, where she has lived now for many years, as the wife of a prospector. This is her personal story of an Alaskan winter which she faced

alone and injured. Her husband was missing—she feared he was dead. She was with child. The writing is so emotionally strong and artfully appealing that one wonders if the author has not been eyeing literary pay-dirt while her husband has been as deliberately prospecting for nuggets in the land of gold. Let us not assay the various yields too closely. This book is a nugget better than gold. It is the north in the veins of a woman who feels as a woman, wife and mother, alone and badly hurt by a terrible wilderness.

A DAUGHTER'S A DAUGHTER—by Mary Westmacott—pp. 200—*British Books*—$3.00.

Bound to be good and smooth, this, because it's Agatha Christie; it seems she becomes Mary Westmacott when romancing without Hercule Poirot. The feminine story is about a 41-year-old London widow of intellectual and financial means, and her 19-year-old daughter. Each has a suitor. This interposes questions about the mother-daughter relationship. Is one selfish, the other spoiled? The author reaches a satisfying solution.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER — by Denton Whitson—pp. 322—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.00.

Clytie Delancey, the heroine of this historical novel, is a superior Laura Secord. She had a love life and she was the daughter of the acting Governor of the British colony of New York. Her great time was before, during and after Braddock's defeat. Miss Whitson, who is not a scholar, has studied the history of the period. Her dialogue gushes along and her adjectives and adverbs fortify the incidents. There is, of course, a love story to focus the forests and fighting. "Not sleepy, hmm?" asks the yokel servitor Mike. Hmm, we guess not.

T.J.A.

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Subject: Sex

PRAVDA, which reports faithfully to all faithful Muscovites over their breakfast black bread and ukases what is wrong with the Western world, announces its discovery that Dr. Kinsey is unoriginal. It seems that long before Kinsey made intimate research into the sex empiricism of the American male and female, a Russian with a six-syllable name had beaten him to it.

They are always gloriously *a posteriori*, those Russian scientists. Remember the head of the Moscow clinic who demonstrated to a group of international agronomists startling Russian improvements in tomato culture? He displayed a specimen—round, red, ripe and luscious in appearance. As he concluded his lecture on this super-Marxist tomato, the assembled scientists were slobbering. One inquisitive Anglo-Saxon scientist so coveted the exhibit that he swiped it, bit it and to his chagrin found it to be wax; whereupon he invited the Russian Burbank to dinner, and fed him with a thick, appetizing steak—which also turned out to be wax.

Dr. Kinsey struck a rich pocket of an old vein of human interest—just as old as the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden—when he published his findings after an industrious and extensive probe. His researches were published openly, and that in itself illustrates social progress: a generation or so ago, scientific erotica of such a nature would have been mailed in plain wrappers from some hideaway by snaky guys with three aliases, ready to take it on the lam.

Dr. Kinsey (who is due for another opus, perhaps this time an explanation of the American juvenile—a vast and fruitful field) undertook an inquiry whose scientific value rests on the frankness of confidential response to queries that were X-rays of conscience. It was assumed that personal revelation thus evoked was honest and uninhibited. Strictly scientific research can hardly proceed on such a premise.

The sum of the Kinsey exposure was enlightening to serious students of biology and eugenics and entertaining to those who go in for that kind of entertainment, as thousands must if you judge by the Kinsey book sales.

Generally, his findings are that the North American male and female are healthy and wholesome. A more cordial philosopher than Dr. Kinsey, Stephen Leacock disposed of the subject adequately when he asked: Why talk so much about what doesn't need so much talking about? Dr. Logan Clendenning, the Kansas City savant, was inclusive when he said that for people from the age of seven to seventy sex-knowledge was beneficially derived from the rough and tumble of life in or out of the gutter. But poor, robust Clendenning couldn't testify about the later age, because he committed suicide before then.

Next to debate about religion in schools, which has exercised Parent-Teachers' Associations and similar monitorial outfits from Brooklyn to Borneo, imparting of the facts of life, (the lore of the birds and the bees, which the bees and the birds with sensible insouciance take for granted) stirs the greatest controversy. Denominational bodies of dogmatic bent invariably oppose courses in sex, and they find support for their position in such occasional excursions as that by a Toronto newspaper columnist, who gathered from scrawlings on walls of bobby-sox retiring rooms in a popular park that whatever teachers could tell the young idea on the topic of sex might be classified as tuition, but not as news.

Then a Pittsburgh University professor—not with the trustees' approval—aired his theory that students should experiment with the cosmic urge—more encouragement than advice. He explained that this was a practical way to get the facts of life into their heads.

Diogenes, the patriarch who searched with a lantern for an honest man, said that nature teaches us in youth all we need to know about nature in ourselves. That doesn't mean to say we learn it. Out of the mouths, not perhaps of babes but of brats, comes elucidation, as when a gritty aunt told little junior on the advent of littler sister that Old Doc Stork had brought the bairn a nice new toy, and the child replied: "It's too damp for a toy and Stork ain't the doctor's name."

JOHN B. KENNEDY

•

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Sports

Was It Murder?

Since Benny The Two-Buck Bettor is thumbing his bankroll expectantly, this may be the appropriate moment to discuss Phar Lap, Tommy Woodcock and "The Brazilian." Every horse-player has heard of Phar Lap and a few remember that Woodcock was Phar Lap's trainer, but you can wager that "The Brazilian's" past-performance record was never printed in the *Daily Racing Form*.

In New Zealand and Australia, there are racing enthusiasts who still insist that Phar Lap was the victim of Yankee knavery and jealousy and was poisoned deliberately after he won the Agua Caliente Handicap in 1932. Woodcock helped to keep the legend alive by publishing his racing memoirs in the *New Zealand Sporting Life and Referee* five years later. There may have been some measure of self-justification behind Woodcock's rather sensational literary efforts. After all, Phar Lap had been a national hero and the horse had died in a foreign country while entrusted to Woodcock's care.

A dispassionate examination of the records of the case would give the impression that Woodcock had an inordinate preoccupation with gangsters, guns and ruthless bookmakers. He seems to have been a lonely, imaginative man who disliked Americans because they scoffed at his training methods. By his own account, he expected the Americans to "nobble" his horse and his fears were confirmed when the race track management stationed an armed guard at his barn in Agua Caliente, Mexico.

Woodcock's attack of buck-fever went back to 1930, when he had been training Phar Lap for the Victoria Derby. On the morning of the race, Woodcock was astride a pony leading Phar Lap from the Caulfield track to the nearby barn of J. Cripps on Glenhuntly Road. He noticed a solitary car stationed near a cross-road and, as he came up behind it, he saw a man in the back seat and one in front. He had just passed the corner when he heard the car start. He plugged his heels into the pony and pulled Phar Lap against a fence just as the car sped past. The man in the back seat fired a double-barrelled shotgun at Phar Lap but the horse reared and was unharmed.

The gunman was wearing a handkerchief over the lower portion of his face, but Woodcock said that the handkerchief slipped as he shot and he had a good look at him. The obvious inference was that the gunman was a bookmaker who stood to lose heavily when Phar Lap won the Victoria Derby later that day. Woodcock wrote that he saw the same man on a race course some months later and he was "stunned when he realized who he was." Beyond that, Woodcock

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never publicly identified the assailant.

Elaborate precautions were taken with Phar Lap before the Melbourne Cup. He was spirited away to St. Alban's in the dead of night. Riding with him in the van were Woodcock and another attendant, carrying revolvers.

A stand-in was left in Phar Lap's stall. This horse, named Old Ming, wore Phar Lap's blankets, carried Phar Lap's exercise boy and went through Phar Lap's training gallops under Woodcock's eye while the real horse was being trained secretly miles away. Well, no one tried to shoot Phar Lap that time and, for that matter, no one tried to shoot Old Ming.

Phar Lap won the Melbourne Cup, after being vanned from St. Alban's with a police motorcycle escort and convoyed by a radio-equipped cruiser car.

It is probable that, before Woodcock's one and only trip to America, his ratiocinations had been conditioned by the current films which glorified the great American gunsel who carried a rod in his shoulder-holster and a sub-machine gun in a violin case. In any event, he confesses he was on the verge of a nervous break-down when the United States immigration department finally informed him that his six-months' visitor's permit had expired.

In documenting his case, he names only two men who informed him that sinister forces were at work. The first was Jimmy Smith, a Vancouver plater who shod Phar Lap for the Agua Caliente Handicap, and who scarcely could be expected to have access to the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The other informant was a Negro groom, who worked in a neighboring stable, and who had no sources more accurate than the usual shedrow scuttlebutt.

Until the very last minute, Woodcock suspected foul play. He ordered his own jockey, Bill Elliott, to avoid any possible interference during the race. Accordingly, Elliott took the overland route, wasted dozens of lengths but came around his field to win with ridiculous ease.

It was then that Woodcock relaxed and shipped the great horse to Menlo Park, California.

At six o'clock one morning, Woodcock went to Phar Lap's stall and offered the horse his customary lump of sugar. The horse declined and, noticing his heaving sides, Woodcock sent his private veterinary for help. Two hours later, something inside the horse burst, Woodcock was drenched by a rush of blood and Phar Lap dropped dead with his head in his shocked trainer's arms.

Government and private analysts conducted the post-mortem and agreed on only one thing—the horse's stomach contained a small quantity of arsenate of lead.

The fences of Menlo Park recently had been sprayed with paint which contained arsenate of lead and it was assumed that the horse may have nibbled some grass on which the paint had fallen.

It wasn't until he returned to New Zealand that Woodcock bothered to mention the name of that mysterious fellow, "The Brazilian." It appeared that "The Brazilian" had been pointed out to him at the Agua Caliente track by his friend, the Negro groom. Woodcock recalled, too, that he had seen "The Brazilian" in a heated argument with some uncouth types after Phar Lap's victory. And, with thousands of miles between him and his enemies, he remembered, too, that "The Brazilian" had turned up at Menlo Park.

But that, according to Woodcock, wasn't the end of his adventures with "The Brazilian." After Phar Lap's death, he had taken over the training of four horses for Willis Sharpe Kilmer and was stabled at a track outside Chicago. He was sitting in his tackroom one afternoon when, obviously in error, "The Brazilian" came through the door.

Woodcock wrote later that, in a blind fury, he rushed at "The Brazilian," shouting "murderer," and attempted to grab him by the throat.

"The Brazilian" calmly pulled the old equalizer out of his pocket, shoved the muzzle in Woodcock's face and forced him back onto the cot. Then in the best Chicago-cum-Hollywood argot, he said: "I would have drilled you the night I fixed Phar Lap if you had awakened." With which he departed, leaving Woodcock all of a tizzy.

To clinch his case against the American people, Woodcock wrote of how Kilmer made him a gift of $1,500. The money was burning a hole in his pocket and he rushed for a bank. As he neared the bank, he heard gun-fire and reasoned that "The Brazilian" had followed him. To his relief, he discovered that it was simply a matter of a couple of neophyte gunmen murdering a bank-messenger who was over-loaded with mazuma.

There are the facts as Mr. Woodcock presented them to the readers of the *New Zealand Sporting Life and Referee.*

It is within the realm of possibility that professional gamblers could have wished to kill Phar Lap. Those were the same gamblers who would lose heavily if he won the Agua Caliente Handicap. Why, then, didn't they kill the horse *before* the race?

Woodcock's dark theory is that "The Yanks never let you beat them twice at the same game."

However, there is no recorded instance of an American gunman being so chauvinistic that he would take extreme measures to protect the fair name of American horseflesh. Somehow, it is hard to imagine one of Al Capone's greasy-thumbed lieutenants sending out his gunsels to "strike a blow for Man o' War, old Kentucky and American racing prestige."

JIM COLEMAN

•

Mr. J. H. Ferguson (Simcoe North): . . . Is it true that we are importing beagle hounds from the old country to be used to encourage the men of the flying corps at Camp Borden to take exercise?

Hon. Brooke Claxton (Minister of National Defence): No.

—Report in Hansard.

Business

Higher Production Rate Is Predicted

By C. M. SHORT

THE FORECAST of a 4 per cent increase in total national production made by Finance Minister Abbott in his Federal Budget address should be accepted with rather important reservations. This figure was derived from quite exhaustive analyses made by statistical and economic experts, but it might prove to be a most conservative estimate. Naturally, such experts prefer to err on the side of conservatism than that of optimism, and they seem to have adopted a fixed rate of measurement in recent years, using the same one, 4 per cent, for one Budget after another.

I have other figures for present and prospective production in various economic fields which, if carried through the current year, would practically double the above-mentioned rate of increase, provided that agriculture enjoys a normal new crop season. Industrial production for the elapsed part of this year has been about 10 per cent above that of the same period in 1952, although it is somewhat below the peak reached in the November-December term. Not all industries have been working this year at full blast. Some have experienced the usual seasonal let-down, and others have felt the effects of a reaction from abnormal buying in various lines late last year. But most industrial groups, notably the iron and steel trades, the automotive units and non-ferrous metal plants, have been able to maintain, or increase, their output.

After examination of a great many private and official statements on projected operations, it appears that the industrial system should have at its disposal this year larger supplies of materials, with the exception of lumber.

The supply of steel from Canadian mills will increase this year by nearly 15 per cent over that of 1952 as a result of new capacity which is expected to be put into full production next summer. An even higher rate of increase, over 20 per cent, is practically certain for oil. Lower rates, however, have to be recorded for other minerals, ranging from 3 per cent for lead to 5 per cent for nickel, copper and zinc and to 9 per cent for asbestos and primary aluminum. The present capacity for woodpulp, now an important industrial material with a great many uses apart from paper manufacture, is nearly 10 million tons a year, more than has ever been available previously. The newsprint mills will probably use a slightly larger quantity of this pulp than in 1952, but there will be a surplus of what is known as market, or commercial, pulp which will have to find its biggest market abroad, mainly in the United States.

This year's lumber cut is expected to be less than that of last year, not only because of lower British purchases from Canada, but because many small mills have had to close down as a result of their inability to meet the more exacting requirements of lumber buyers. However, another important building material, cement, will be in greater supply this year.

As the national defence program has shifted to the production of guns, ammunition, aircraft and naval vessels, much of the larger supply of raw materials will be required for industrial purposes. This shift will, however, provide for more leeway in civilian goods such as textiles.

After consideration of quite definite projects for industrial materials we are left with the difficult subject of new crop production. This is, of course, a matter for nature to decide during the next five or six months. At present we have certain pre-season conditions affecting the vast agricultural area of the western prairies. There the sub-soil moisture, resulting from precipitation between August and November, was about 90 per cent of normal.

Western grains sown in the spring of each year germinate and develop mostly on surface moisture, but if they have to contend with drought during the growing season they have a much better chance of survival if their roots can reach down to a heavy sub-soil moisture reservoir. Recent weather conditions promise good surface planting, but reports from localities over most of the prairies indicate that heavy and timely rains will be required during the growing season to provide for a normal crop.

While the prairies have not as good a crop outlook as a year ago, central and eastern Canada are due for better crop yields than they had in 1952. All told, it looks now as if Canada will have a smaller but more uniform crop production this year than in 1952.

The prospective high rate of productivity in industry and in some branches of mining and metallurgy presents problems as well as opportunities. Any further marked rise in production costs or widespread labor stoppages would certainly interfere seriously with production schedules, particularly in certain basic forms of activity such as lumbering, commercial wood pulp processing and the mining of lead and zinc, already operating under such depressed world prices as to cause the closing of a number of small marginal producers and threatening to curtail work on even some of the largest properties.

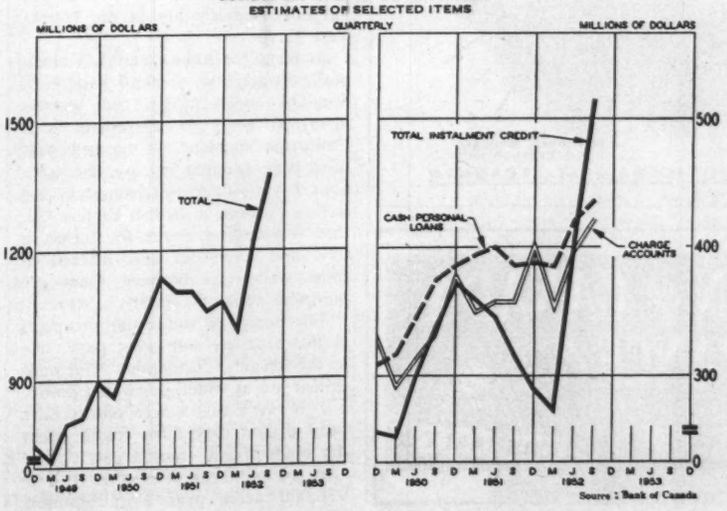
Costs cannot be held in line unless there is wage stability. Some labor leaders desire such stability if there is no rise in cost of living, but it might be noted that the American Federation of Labor has recently called upon all its affiliated unions, which include many in Canada, to press for higher wages this year on the grounds that these are necessary to head off a depression next year or in 1955, and that they are justified by a greater increase in labor productivity than in the rise up to date in real wages. We may see such views expounded in this country before long.

It seems that the distributive trades for both domestic and foreign markets will feel the spur of competition. Apart from the prospective greater supplies of materials and goods, there are some quite heavy stocks on hand. True, manufacturers' inventories underwent substantial reduction last year, declining in value by slightly more than $200 million, but wholesale trade rose by 12 per cent toward the close of 1952, indicating that considerable restocking was then taking place. This increase was higher than any forseeable upturn in domestic retail trade; in fact, it was twice the rate of the officially estimated rise in 1952 in sales of retail goods even though these were stimulated markedly by an increase of over $300 million in total consumer credit which followed the lifting of credit restrictions last May.

MOST food stocks are heavier than a year ago. Some canned goods are sharply higher. Stocks of meat held by packers, abattoirs, wholesale butchers and cold storage warehouses were, on Feb. 1, about 25 per cent above those on Feb. 1, 1952, while there was an even greater rate of increase in holdings of fish. Notwithstanding an abnormally large export trade in wheat since last July (more than one-fifth larger than in the like period of the previous wheat year), Canada has on her farms and in commercial positions over 500 million bushels of this cereal, about one-third of the exportable and carry-over supplies held by the four major exporting countries, which altogether have nearly half as much again as they held a year ago. There are also abnormally large stocks of coarse grains in elevators across the country and on western farms.

It is likely that this country will need to realize a higher rate of production than that of 4 per cent forecast by the Minister of Finance. The expenditures of all governments—Federal, Provincial and Municipal—rose in the fiscal year 1952-53 to about $6½ billion. Taking into account Mr. Abbott's forecast of an increase of $136 million in the 1953-54 fiscal year, and allowing for estimated additional requirements of other public authorities, total expenditures at all government levels will probably reach $6¾ billion. So the tax-paying public has a higher government service bill to meet, and it will have to work hard to make the most of the opportunities it has in the greater productivity now at its disposal.

CONSUMER CREDIT OUTSTANDING
ESTIMATES OF SELECTED ITEMS



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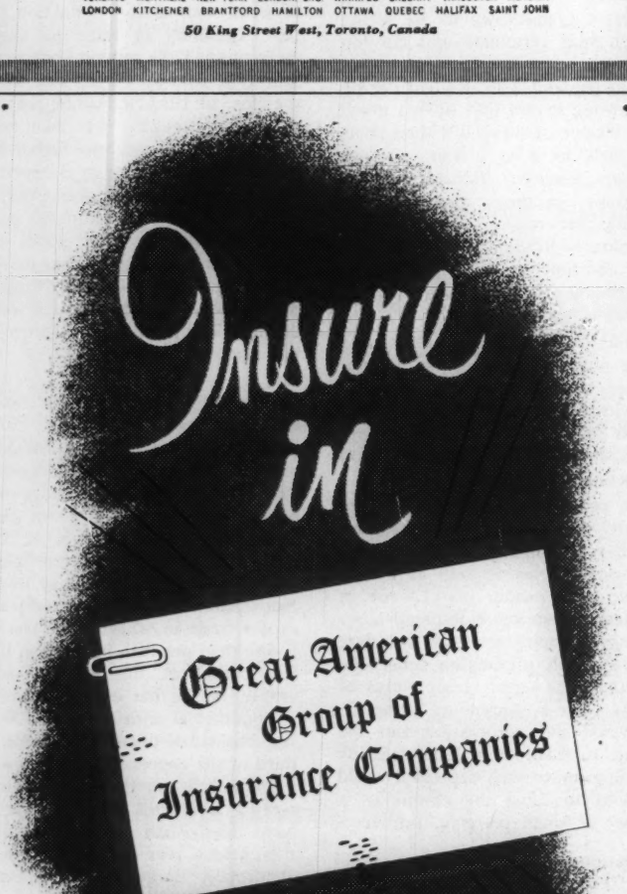

J. H. Harvey, Manager

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA, 44 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

The DOMINION of CANADA
General INSURANCE Company
Head Office: Toronto
LIFE FIRE CASUALTY

Gold & Dross

Abitibi Paper

I WOULD *appreciate your comments and advice on Abitibi common. I have held it since the split, when it went to 22 and now it has settled to about 14. Would you advise me to continue to hold it?—W. D. M., Toronto.*

At the current market price the yield is approaching 7.5 per cent. The earnings of $2.02 per share for 1952, while down considerably from the $3.07 earned in 1951, still offer ample coverage of the present dividend.

The newsprint industry now appears to be on the way to a good year. The demand for newsprint will remain fairly constant, regardless of general business conditions. The premium on the Canadian dollar is falling and definite possibilities exist for reductions in operating costs.

We suggest you continue to hold your shares.

Bailey-Selburne

I WOULD *like your opinion on Bailey-Selburne Oil and Gas.—O. H. L., Montreal.*

At last report Bailey-Selburne had a net interest of 18.5 wells in a total of 58 producing wells. Oil reserves are reported at about 6 million barrels. These, plus other factors, give an approximate valuation to the shares of about $3.75.

The market performance of the last few months has demonstrated that considerable buying power is available to support the stock near the 5 mark. Thus the stock appears to be a reasonable buy here at 5.

New Ranchmen's Oil

MAY *I have your opinion on New Ranchmen's Oil Co. Ltd. What are its prospects, present developments and associated companies?—G. R. O., Montreal.*

The prospects for the company depend on results in two areas: The Hamilton Lake area in Alberta and the Fort Simpson are in the Northwest Territories.

At Hamilton Lake, it holds a block of 2,560 acres on a 50-50 basis with Sun Oil, and a 20 per cent interest in 5,120 acres by agreement with California Standard. Of the wells that have been brought in here, the company has a 50 per cent interest in one well, a farmout to British Empire Oil, that is pumping about 40 barrels a day, and a 10 per cent interest in three wells that between them are pumping about 90 barrels a day.

The company states the prospects in this area are somewhat hazy, due to the irregular formations. The wells drilled are at widely separated points, but in every case where offsets have been drilled they have found either dry holes or gas—mostly gas.

A 10 per cent interest is held in 936,000 acres near Fort Simpson. This property is controlled by a syndicate headed by West Territories Oils. Some oil has been located there but further drilling is required to prove a commercial field exists. The minimum requirements for a commercial field are estimated at 1 million barrels of recoverable oil.

The balance sheet, dated August 31, 1952, shows cash of $43,968. It would appear from this that further funds may have to be raised to continue exploration work.

Bobjo Mines

COULD YOU *give me any information about Bobjo as to its possibilities for investment.—R. C. C., Weston, Ont.*

Bobjo, at 50 cents, is close to an eight-year high of 57 cents. This advance from the 1952 low of 14½ cents is due to the new financing agreement which gives the underwriting group options on 600,000 shares at prices ranging from 35-50 cents. Proceeds are intended to be used in a oil drilling venture in the Williston Basin near the Saskatchewan-Manitoba border.

At the present price, the stock is not considered too attractive as a speculation.

God's Lake Gold

I BOUGHT *some shares of God's Lake Gold Mines at 1.50 some years ago and the price is now around 1.00. Should I sell now and take the loss or hold for a while?—G. A. S., Edmonton.*

With new financing under way to provide funds for the exploration of the Lynn Lake nickel prospect through the marketing of 1.5 million new shares, activity is returning to this stock.

The Lynn Lake property would appear promising. With some $650,000 of new capital available for development work, and a marketing program under way, the stock appears to be in a position to gain in value. Holding of your shares is advised.

Silver Standard

I WOULD *be glad to get information regarding the Silver Standard Mine, having bought a few hundred shares a year ago at $2.40. They have fallen to $1.10 since. Do you think it has any prospects? Would it be advisable to buy more at the present price or sell out and get into something else?—W. S. W., Vancouver.*

The present price reflects the narrowing of the spread between operating costs and profits that are affecting all base metal properties. Production costs are estimated to run about $1 million per year for this mine, from the reports of previous years. Net smelter returns for the half year ending Sept. 30, 1952, amounted to $548,146. The results for the final half of

the year will likely be lower, due to smelter restrictions.

At latest report the mine has now resumed full production, after four months of curtailed operations, but how profitably is unknown. If silver grades can be maintained, earnings may hold above the "break-even" point.

Neither new purchases nor sale can be advised at this point. A recovery to about 1.60-1.70 seems technically possible if lead and zinc prices do not fall further.

Silver Leaf Mines

I WOULD *appreciate any information you could give me on Silver Leaf Mines.—S. S., Montreal.*

The Silver Leaf property was taken over in 1946 by Lakeleaf Silver Mining Co. for $2,500 and 500,000 shares of stock of the new company. No plan of share exchange was put forward, to our knowledge.

No activity has been reported by the company since 1946 and apparently it does not possess sufficient finances to undertake any mining work.

Quotations are not available on either stock and it would appear very doubtful that the shares of Silver Leaf possess any value.

Coldstream Copper

WE HAVE *received the following telegram from Mr. J. L. Moreaux, President, Coldstream Copper Mines Ltd.:*

The company, not the sponsors, is offering rights to shareholders to purchase one Treasury stock at 50 cents for each eight shares presently held. The sponsors have guaranteed to purchase all shares not taken up by shareholders. Treasury thus guaranteed $150,000. No option is given on Treasury shares. The vendors holding escrowed shares have agreed to donate to the Treasury the proceeds from the sale of 625,000 shares now owned by them and optioned to the sponsors. If exercised, the optioned stock will produce a gift to the Treasury of $848,750. Ore grades not definitely established yet, but values now known are not considered low.

Editor's Note: The Toronto Stock Exchange option notice shows the sponsors have options on 625,000 shares as follows: four blocks of 100,000 each at 55c, 75c, $1 and $1.25, 125,000 at $1.75 and 100,000 at $2.75. The sponsors agreed that if they sold any of optioned shares at more than 30 cents above option price, they would donate half of the excess to company, the notice says. The ore grades we quoted were taken from the official listing statement and reports by the company geologist.

Cockshutt

WILL YOU *please give me your opinion on Cockshutt Farm Equipment Ltd? I have been wondering if, owing to farm product conditions now and what they may continue to be over the next few years, it would be advisable to dispose of half of our rather considerable holdings at the present price. — R. D., Guelph.*

With farm conditions as they are, and many farmers very well equipped, it would appear that the peak of implement sales has been reached. Disposal of half of your holdings would seem advisable.

Gypsum Lime

WE HAVE *been advised to sell some shares of Gypsum Lime and Alabastine. Would this be a wise move?—V. G. W., Preston, Ont.*

According to the annual report, earnings for 1952 show a sharp decline to $2.57 per share from the $3.67 reported for 1951 and the $4 reported for 1950. Should this downtrend in earnings be continued this year, the stability of the present dividend rate of $2 is open to considerable doubt.

As the stock has recently marked a new high of 38½ it would appear to be overvalued, and any downward revision in the dividend rate would have a depressing effect. Selling is advised.

Soondegah Mines

I WISH *to thank you for re-establishing the Gold & Dross section of your paper. In the 1920's I was a subscriber to* SATURDAY NIGHT. *At that time there was a steam car company selling stock and in this connection I thank* SATURDAY NIGHT *for saving me $1,000. I now hold 100 shares of Soondegah Mines Ltd., dated November, 1928. Would you kindly advise if these shares are of any present value?—G. W. R., Minitonas, Man.*

We regret to inform you that the company has been dormant for many years.

Silbak Premier

CAN YOU *give me any information about Silbak Premier Mines and their prospects?—G. L. F., Victoria, B.C.*

The prospects for Silbak appear gloomy. At last report the company had ceased development work and will halt production when the milling of ore on hand is completed. The decision to shut down was forced by the decline in base metal prices. Operations since the first of the year have been conducted at a loss.

In Brief

I hold shares in Terrebonne Mines. Any information that you can give me on this company will be much appreciated.—T. Y. O., Granby, Que.

The charter of Terrebonne Mines was reported cancelled in 1952.

Could you tell me whether you consider Eureka Corporation Ltd. to be a good speculation at the current price?—R. P. R., Westmount, Que.

I can. I don't.

Would you kindly tell me what, if anything, has happened to Grull-Wihksne Gold Mines as it is no longer quoted on the Vancouver Stock Exchange?—G. E. D., Princeton, B.C.

The company was struck off the register and dissolved June 12, 1952.

5% Return From A First Mortgage Bond

Phillips Electrical Company (1953) Limited, a subsidiary of British Insulated Callender's Cables Limited, will, as of April 30th, 1953, purchase the rod mill and wire and cable business of Phillips Electrical Works, Limited, which, with its 60 years of experience is the oldest established producer of electrical wires and cables in Canada.

The proceeds of this issue will be applied towards the purchase of this business. We, as principals, offer

New Issue

Phillips Electrical Company (1953) Limited

5% First Mortgage Sinking Fund Bonds, Series A

To mature April 1st, 1968

Denominations: $500 and $1,000

Price: 100 and interest

A prospectus, containing information about the Company's operations, earnings and assets and further details of this issue will be forwarded promptly upon request.

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Our team of trained inspection specialists periodically check every piece of equipment covered by our policies. Although this greatly reduces the risk of power plant failure and possible resultant damage, if an accident should occur our Company's triple protection may cover damage to power plant machinery, to the building and other machinery, and for plant shutdowns. Our policies protect before and after.

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Of course, we know that some people should, some people shouldn't—and that it's up to you to decide.

But by the time you finish page 3 of our booklet *"How To Invest"*, we think you'll know the right answer for *you*. For *your* situation, *your* funds, *your* plans for the future.

If your answer is yes, you'll want to read on. Because the rest of the booklet was written to tell you just how to go about this business of buying stocks and bonds.

It starts with fundamentals first, explains what it means to invest for growth, income, or safety . . . and tells you the kinds of stocks and bonds you should buy to achieve these different objectives.

Then it explores the problem of how to diversify your shares—how to balance them for your own protection.

You'll find the questions you should ask—the questions that should be answered—before you buy any stock. And there's a section on selecting a broker, the services you have a right to expect, the simple steps you take to open an account.

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Ashley & Crippen

JOHN R. WHITE, Vice-president, Imperial Oil Ltd.

Who's Who in Business

BOTH Imperial Oil Limited and its executive Vice-President, John Rigsby White, were born in London, Ontario, but it was not until 1933 that they got together; by that time the company was two years past its half century and its new recruit was a 25-year-old junior draftsman fresh from a bankrupt steel plant.

The years since the thirties, during which the company's oil consumption has increased five fold, have been significant ones for both Imperial Oil and Canada. Today a Canadian can learn all about this craft on home ground in an industry which gives employment to thousands—13,500 in Imperial Oil alone—and produces more than one hundred million barrels of crude oil each year. But in those early days oil business in Canada was on a relatively small scale and it was to the major producing countries of America and Venezuela that trainees went to learn their job.

Following the usual pattern then, young John R. White first went to the United States in 1937 for special study in manufacturing coordination, and the following year joined the Standard Oil Company of Venezuela.

By the time he left the South American country seven years later he had moved up to the vice-presidency of the company. He had also acquired several typical South American characteristics, including a connoisseur's interest in bull-fighting and Latin American music and a professional skill with the maracas.

In the years since the close of World War II, White and Imperial have both had their biggest successes. Mr. White rejoined Imperial in 1944 as an economic coordinator, was elected Director in April of the following year and only a few months later was appointed a Vice-President. In 1950 he was appointed Executive Vice-President and now as second-in-command is among the Company's most fluent spokesmen.

During this same period Imperial Oil has grown from a company with 50-odd wells to Canada's biggest oil producer with more than 1,200 wells capable of production. One of the big reasons for its growth was the discovery in 1947 of the Leduc Oil field, which proved to be the first major oil discovery in Canada since before the days of World War I.

The Leduc find came after the frustration of 133 dry holes, and vindicating the decision by White and his fellow directors to send drilling crews to Alberta. White himself was on vacation in Bogota when the find was made. A wire with the succinct message, "We got Leduc No. 1—and this time it isn't water," brought him back to Canada immediately.

But Leduc, with a proved reserve of something around 200 million barrels of oil which is 75 per cent owned or controlled by Imperial, was only the start. The following year the company's men were around in time for the discovery of Redwater, to the northeast, an area which has since been described as the greatest potential oilfield in Canada. Imperial soon had a large enough interest in Redwater to make worthwhile the building of a 1,000-mile pipeline to carry

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

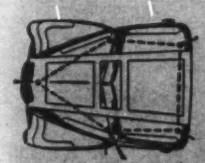
Comfort in the Cab

. . . and dollars in the bank

Chevrolet Trucks are first because they're finest — feature for feature — in performance, economy and just plain value for your money. The cab, for instance, is "Driver-Conditioned". Full width seat cushions, easy access doors and all controls in easy handling range give new driver comfort and convenience. The cab is just one of many Chevrolet "Advance-Design" features that make Chevrolet trucks world's leading money makers on any hauling job. What better proof than the fact that truck users buy more Chevrolet trucks than any other make. Why not see *your* Chevrolet dealer today?

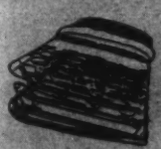
A General Motors Value

Chevrolet *Driver-Conditioned* Cabs



FLEXI-MOUNTING — Husky rubber cushions cut effects of chassis vibration and frame weave to increase truck life, add extra driver comfort under the toughest conditions.

BATTLESHIP CONSTRUCTION — For driver safety, this cab is a single, all-welded, double-walled steel unit that gives maximum protection for all occupants.



SEAT SPRINGS — Seats have Double-Deck springs, cushiony, Latex-treated hair and cotton topper pad, hard-wearing leatherette cover that looks better, lasts longer.

ALLIGATOR JAW COUNTER-BALANCED HOOD — Easy access to the engine and good visibility come through the alligator jaw hood that stays open easily without a prop.

VENTIPANES — Driver can enjoy the benefits of draft-free or forced ventilation as he desires just by adjusting ventipanes on Chevrolet truck cab to desired angle

ADJUSTABLE SEAT — Fingertip control permits easy adjustment. As seat moves full 3½" forward, back tilts, seat rises for proper eye-level vision and shoulder support.

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

Insurance

Premium Due . . .

NOBODY LIKES paying automobile insurance premiums. Those who drive their cars for purposes other than pleasure view their insurance bills with more than average distaste.

So the man who uses a car in business pursuits gives expression to his dudgeon. "Why," he asks his insurance agent, "should this neighbor of mine—same car, same model—get away with thirty bucks less premium than I do for exactly the same coverage?"

The agent will make soothing reply according to formula. Auto insurance rates aren't guesswork; they are under continuous study and revision by a corps of full-time actuaries—under the Government's eye and insurance company auspices—and accurately reflect cumulative loss experience in all aspects of automobile coverage and for all areas of Canada separately. The car driven for business purposes has demonstrated beyond doubt its larger contribution to the loss picture.

"But," the man may complain, "I only use the car for business once a week or so, to Such-and-such and back and maybe an odd short run—why whack it home to me? Mine's a pleasure car, for all intents and purposes."

There is no doubt that an unreliable agent here and there will toss in the sponge when faced with this specious argument. He will make the improper suggestion that an application for auto insurance be completed, stating that the car will be used for pleasure purposes only. "You'll get by," he'll tell the man.

But the chances are that the man won't "get by." The statements he makes in writing for the purpose of securing insurance form part of any policy subsequently issued. An insurance contract is one of good faith—on both sides. Deliberate mendacity automatically voids all coverage. And it's his $30 saving to a doughnut that, when he encounters a bad accident, this man will be driving out to Such-and-such with a car load of the firm's samples.

Another clear warning emerges from such a story. When an insurance agent counsels or condones a subterfuge of the kind, that's the signal to abandon such an agency at once and completely, and thereafter hunt up a responsible insurance adviser.

. . . and Overdue

Dentists are often heard mourning that their bills receive the most dilatory attention. Medicos claim top marks in this respect also. Insurance men (not "life" agents, whose collection problem is to an extent contractually circumscribed) don't often dwell aloud on their forgotten man role in the average family budget—but they sweat privately over formidable "past due" premium lists.

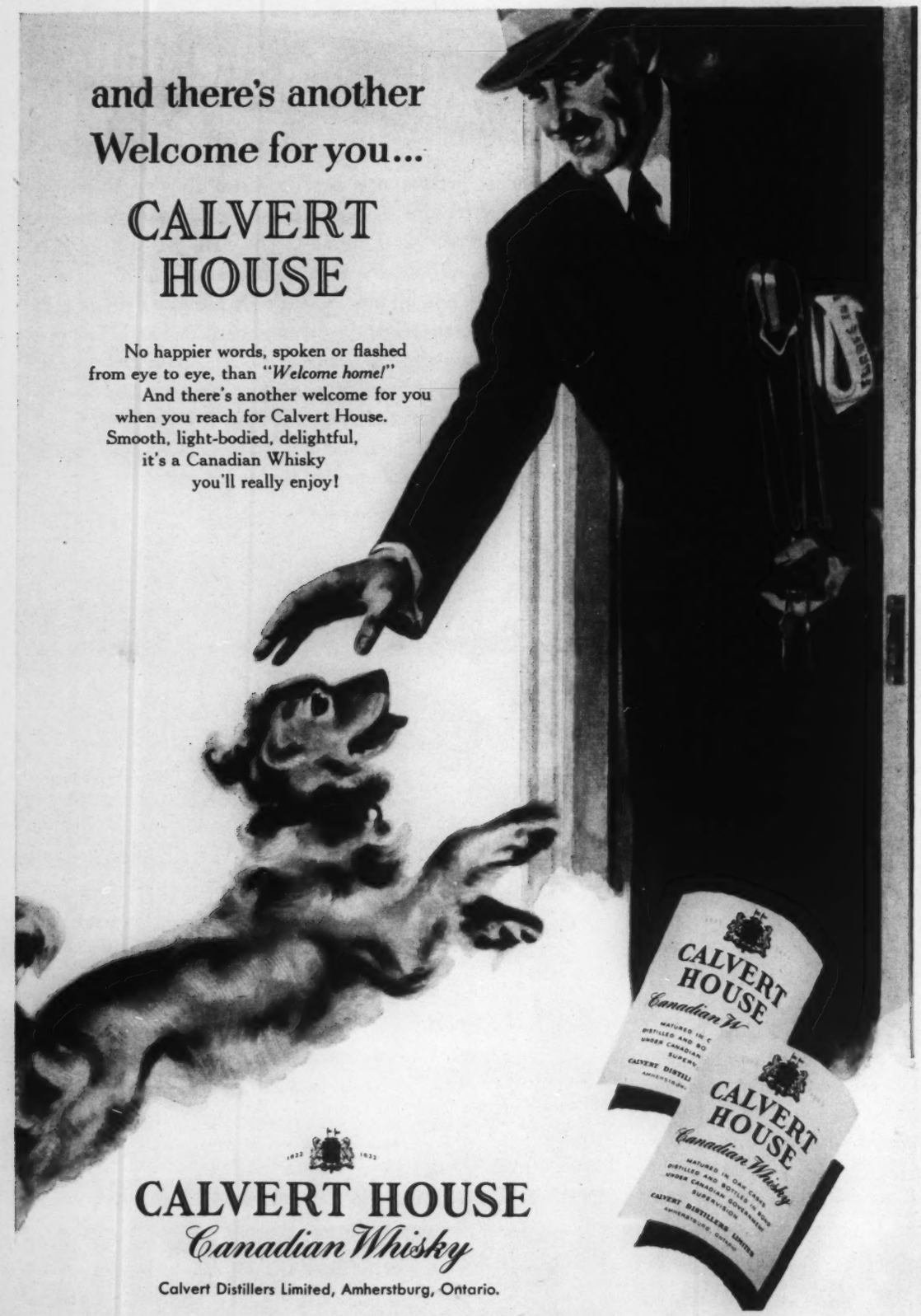
The fact remains that many people take advantage of their status under fire and casualty insurance contracts. The insurance has been granted them and full protection is theirs in consideration of *agreement to pay* a stipulated premium. So they let the thing drag along—and get the dentist out of the way first.

From an ethical standpoint, this tendency is all wrong. Conceding that the insurance agent ranks with the top five (some put him first — above the banker even), business and professional men in a community by virtue of the contribution made to family security and welfare, he deserves much better treatment than he is apt to get. His premium bills should be paid just as promptly as it is taken for granted a loss, if it comes, will be paid under the policy concerned.

Unlike other professional men, the insurance agent is a trustee. The premiums he collects aren't his. The money must be relayed to the insurance company concerned. And — get this — he is required to fork over the money within a specified number of days from a policy's inception date *whether he has collected it or not.*

It is at least thoughtless of policyholders to look for financing from him. That function rests properly with banks, not insurance agencies.

G. L. PRATT



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CALVIN BULLOCK
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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 265

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of MAY next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st March 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 6th March 1953.

For Quotations
Picard & Fleming
EMpire 6-4641

John R. White

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

its oil through to Sarnia.

The burly (6 feet 1½ ins., about 200 lbs.) figure and relaxed manner of Jack White is familiar to businessmen from coast to coast in Canada. He makes perhaps half a dozen speeches each year before Chambers of Commerce and Businessmen's Clubs.

A forthright speaker, he avoids irrelevancy and has a flair for matching his subject to his audience. In a speech in Vancouver earlier this year, for example, he said, "In British Columbia you have a land already enriched by strong basic industry. To its energy reserves, its massive coal beds and oceans of water power you are now going to add rivers of oil and gas. The connection between oil consumption and earning power in a community is, of course, simply that oil provides energy. Energy makes machines go and machines make big incomes grow".

A keen sportsman, he is fond of a variety of outdoor pastimes including hunting, skiing and badminton. Indeed, he claims, with tongue in cheek, that it was due to his athletic prowess that he was first employed by Imperial twenty years ago. He left the University of Toronto with a degree of Bachelor of Applied Science in Mechanical Engineering and with Honors in football. It was the glamor of the last, he insists, rather than the academic distinction of the former that most appealed to Imperial's employment offices in those days. He plays some sport today but cannot spare it the time he would like even though the North Toronto house, in which he lives with his wife and three children, is but a mashie shot from the Rosedale golf course.

Curly-haired John R. White has implicit faith in the expanding industry for which he works. Production has increased to the extent where distribution now poses the greater problems. But these difficulties will be settled as have earlier ones and their solution will bring even better times.

"According to the oil industry's economists," he adds, "the more oil people consume, the better they live."

JOHN WILCOCK

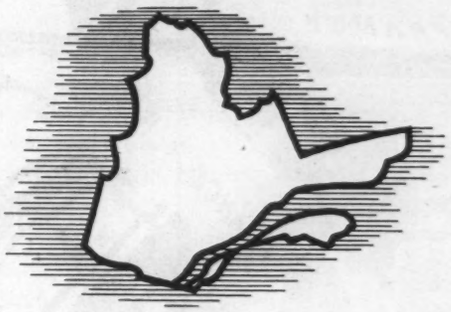
•

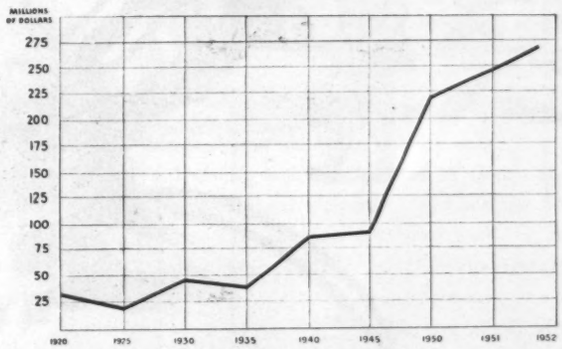
Cleaning by sound waves is not a new idea, but recently it has been given a new application. In the past it was expensive, elaborate and took a long time. Now a Detroit firm (Detrex Corporation) has produced a device that is noiseless — to the human ear, at any rate — but is speedy, compact and said to be cheaper than the laborious hand-brushing of pre-scientific days.

Components of the new cleaning unit are a liquid solvent and a pencil-sized ceramic gadget — a transducer — through which high frequency sound waves are transmitted. It handles small parts only, but it is these that in the past have often provided the biggest cleaning problem by normal processes.

Québec

The New Giant in Mineral Production





The Province of Québec is rapidly developing its almost limitless natural resources. The Government is co-operating closely in the opening of new districts, and in increasing production in established areas.

By building new roads and installing additional hydro-electric power it is making possible the rapid development of new districts, notably in New Québec and Gaspé.

La Province de Québec is the new industrial Giant of North America.

For information on mining in La Province de Québec, write: Honorable C. D. French, Minister, or A. O. Dufresne, Deputy Minister, Department of Mines, Parliament Buildings, Québec, Qué.

1952 PRODUCTION

GOLD—Fine ounces	1,109,677
SILVER—ounces	4,265,858
COPPER—tons	68,299
LEAD "	10,401
ZINC "	95,714
ASBESTOS "	943,123

Published by the Provincial Publicity Bureau

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

AIR FRANCE
FRANCE
In 1953 the World's most Modern Air Fleet
Fashion Academy Award Aviation 1953
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Women

ORIGINAL sketch by Tanya Moiseiwitsch of the costume Amelia Hall of Ottawa will be wearing as Lady Anne, in the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

Conversation Pieces:

LONG TERM contract with New York's Ballet Theatre for 27-year-old Melissa Hayden who left Toronto eight years ago, to become a leading ballerina of the New York City Ballet Theatre and the featured dancer in Chaplin's "Limelight" . . . marriage of Anne Lois Yuile of Ste. Genevieve, Que., to Hon. Michael Rodney, son of Lord and Lady Rodney of Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, at the residence of the bride's grandparents, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. P. O'Brien, Outremont, Que. . . . the fun of the "Call Me Madam" movie unimpaired by the news that its inspiration, diplomat Mrs. Perle Mesta, has left her post as U.S. Minister to Luxembourg . . . second prize in the Macnaghten award for creative writing at McGill University, to Marianne Macdonald of Montreal, for a novel . . . . a national women's magazine in the U.S. still running the serialized cooing of Princess Narriman, now charging her loving spouse with "mental cruelty". . .

CONVERSATION PIECES: Mrs. Alan Chippindale, new President of the Montreal American Women's Club . . . awards' announcement by Canadian Industries Limited, on its final program of "CIL Singing Stars of Tomorrow," Sunday, April 19 . . . Senator Cairine Wilson's presentation to the Women's Canadian Historical Society of a silver log watch charm, which was a gift to her father from the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, during their visit to Ottawa in 1901 . . . engagement of Memory Patience Frederica Elvin, a '51 deb at Vancouver's Trafalgar Ball, to Alton Joseph Green, also of Vancouver . . . McMaster University, Hamilton, to pamper students next year with a five-day week, by abolishing Saturday morning lectures . . . . shy Franklin Davey ("Champlain Road") McDowell having to make another retirement speech this Saturday, at a dinner arranged by Toronto friends, as he leaves his CNR public relations job . . .

CONVERSATION PIECES: Hollywoodian announcement from Lima office of Pan American-Grace Airways of a full scale "safari" into the Peruvian jungle, 30 days for $275 per person . . . marriage of Annette Savard, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Alfred Savard of Quebec and Montreal, to James R. McLaughlin of Montreal . . . lawyer Marguerite Choquette, the daughter of another Quebec Justice, pleading her first case in Quebec Sessions Court . . . wedding in the British Embassy, Paris, of Carol Evelyn Beryl Hopkins of Ottawa and Angus Maddison, Darlington, England . . . Vancouver music lovers to have Director Irwin Hoffman next year for a second season with their symphony . . . ultra-sheer 12-dernier nylons making debut, with manufacturers' blessing, as "more perishable but lovelier". . . aeronautical engineer Elizabeth Gregory McGill, formerly of Montreal and now of Toronto, the recipient of the highest award of the U.S. Society of Women Engineers . . . engagement announced of Amy Smirle Lawson, daughter of Dr. Alexander Smirle Lawson, Toronto, to John Roderick Brough of Shawville, Que. . . . Mrs. Eisenhower still in the news—first it was her bangs, then there was "Mamie Pink" color, and now she has been voted into the "best dressed hostess" category by the U.S. Fashion Academy . . . April 21, Queen Elizabeth's birthday.

please take notice

please give fair judgment

please spread the good news

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IN THE SQUARE downstairs rooms in this home in Toronto's Moore Park are pleasantly formal. There has been no attempt to keep rigidly to one period in furniture, but the mingling is a happy one, with simplicity of line and design the keynote.

Two fine paintings and the red hair of Mrs. D. R. Mitchell were the deciding factors in the treatment of the individual rooms. Blue is usually a good background for red-haired women and the whole of the Mitchells' downstairs floor is carpeted in turquoise broadloom, with pastel accents in the furnishings.

The beautiful painting of Mrs. Mitchell by Cleeve Horne, which hangs above the buffet of Adam Hepplewhite design, dominates the dining room. The soft grey walls, the grey sheer drapes with the gold satin valances, the mahogany table and the Hepplewhite chairs with their white leather seats, create the elegance that complements the painting.

Photos by Panda

In the living room, a winter scene by Manly Macdonald hangs above a graceful sofa with pastel satin striped in mauve, yellow and pink. The formality of the Hepplewhite chairs, a grand piano and Victorian armchairs on either side of an open fireplace, is softened by gay glazed floral chintz drapes on a turquoise background, and by the rough-weave mauve material of the armchairs.

While the downstairs reflects Mrs. Mitchell's taste, the big upstairs den is a family lair. There her doctor husband, two sons and daughter enjoy a casual background of pine walls, in the French Canadian manner, with built-in bookcases flanking the fireplace, and with big heavy furniture in peacock blue leather. The planning of the interior decoration was done by Tom Deacon, of Simpson's.

MARGARET NESS

Pleasant Formality

in the home of

MRS. D. R. MITCHELL

Toronto

Beauty

Spring is the time to give your hair a little extra consideration. The dry 70° heat of our homes in winter tends to devitalize the hair. Take a critical look at yours, and you will probably realize it is time you saw your beauty consultant.

But you can also do something yourself at home. A good thorough stint of "stimulation" will do wonders to help your hair back to that healthy, shining look. Massage will help relieve tension, too. Here is the technique recommended by the House of Ogilvie:

Beginning at the nape of the neck, press the thumbs well in towards the base of the skull and work carefully around the neck to the ears. Then open the palms and press against the head. With fingers and palms, knead the scalp with a circular motion. Stop the massage when your scalp is faintly pink. When the scalp is oily, less frequent massaging is the rule.

Brushing is the final step. The more frequently you brush your hair, the better. Your wave will be softer and set more easily. Remember Grandma's admonition: "Fifty strokes a day, my dear, and one hundred is better." And remember, too, your hairbrush must have authority—strong, flexible bristles, widely spaced. Master one simple trick. Roll the brush in your hand, so as to propel it in a circle.

To help keep your hair manageable and fashionably covered while travelling by car or gardening, try a length of colored veiling, tied and pinned over your head. It lets the air circulate without the resultant tousled look. A dozen lengths of different colored veiling will pack into a small space for travelling purposes.

BEATRICE SEYMOUR

• •

Weed Them Out

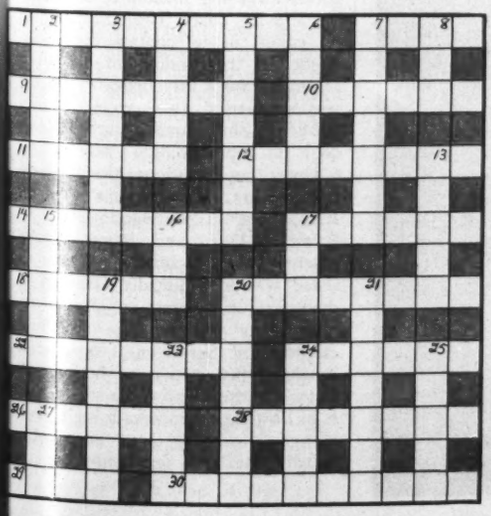
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1 and 7. See 8.
9. Miss Hardcastle was bent on doing this to win Marlow. (8)
10. It's not slang in the plural? (6)
11. Does it cause apathy in the Flemish, too? (6)
12. They're crazy from moonshine. (8)
14. They may trim you in a clip joint. (8)
17. Seen when the mind's eye deceives the naked eye? (6)
18. One of the reasons Casa Loma towers over Toronto. (6)
20. Jenny Wren? (8)
22. Looks like she'll not be in at the end of October because of that cry in the night. (5, 3)
24. Battered bread? (6)
26. This condition might bring a raise. (6)
28. Gloomy people but sort of jolly at heart. (8)
29. A mixture of shag should be cut in this case. (4)
30. See 8.

DOWN

2. Nick finds this comes of not chewing tobacco. (5)
3, 15. Bark of the tobacco plant? (7, 5)
4. If this is the "that" of 8,30,7 across, 1, and you don't care to, eat it. (5)
5. Swallows down? On the contrary! (7)
6. I could have made this big fellow a 7 down. (5)
7. See 6. (7)
8. 30, 7 across, 1. Was 19 the first to give this advice about his import to his fellows? (3,4,2,4,4,3,5,2)
13. But apparently five cents couldn't buy a good one even in the good old days. (5)
15. See 3.
16. The place for squeamish stomachs if the 13 isn't! (3)
17. Managed to make ends meet. (3)
19. Though responsible for a habit of ours, Royalty stepped on his. (7)
20. It's smoked à la kati by the Turk? (7)
21. Maeterlinck's bird carried a letter, by the sound of it. (7)
23. How Maugham's first combination film might be presented as a double feature? (5)
24. Short strings of vermicelli. (5)
25. A buoy that may lead you to a marshy river. (5)
27. When Poppea lost her father, she merely looked round. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

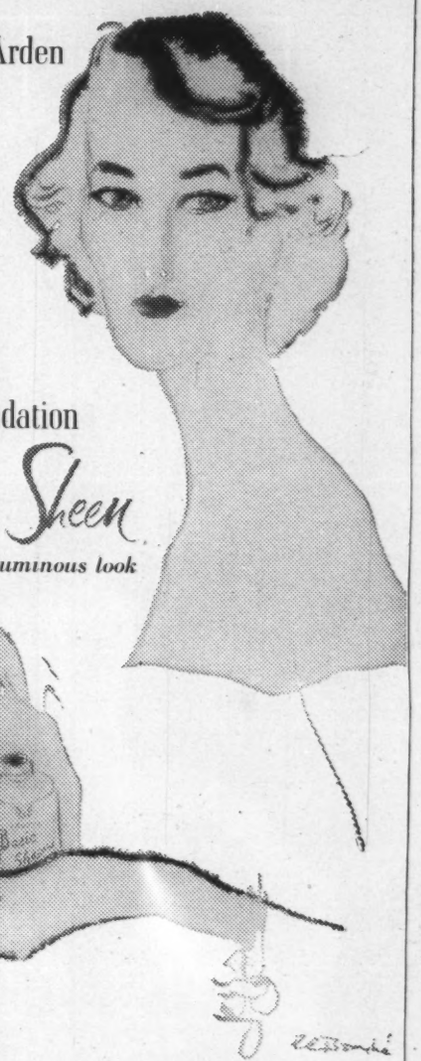
1. Mussulman
6. Thews
10. Scarlett
11. Arabic
12. Avengers
13. Scythe
14. Promise
16. Reverse
18. Abandon
20. Escorts
23. Mussel
25. Assaults
27. Scones
28. Sardinia
29. Brawn
30. Entrances

DOWN

2. Uncover
3. Strong man
4. Liege
5. Artist
7 and 8. Heavyweights
9. Banshees
15. Spotless
17. Evolution
19. Bouncer
21. Titmice
22. Samson
24. Sinew
26. Surer

(257)

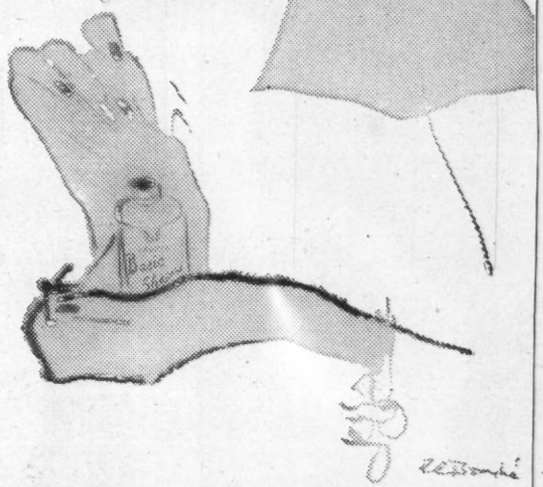
Elizabeth Arden
creates...



A Superb Make-up Foundation

Basic Sheen

for the young luminous look



A new flowing Foundation which gives your skin instantly the polished lustre . . . the moist, dew-pearled sheen that is pure shining enchantment! Use it under your powder—just a little Basic Sheen gives your face a glowing young look!

In radiant shades to complement every complexion.

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at EATON'S.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Cutty's Zoo

THERE'S a growing collection of animals in Newfoundland and all due to a deceptively fragile looking young woman named Cutty Galin. She is publicity manager for staid 137-year-old Bowring's in St. John's.

Miniature zoos have succeeded each other in the department store's windows. One week, live beavers contentedly sawed down tree trunks; another week, three monkeys from India performed. Mrs. Galin spent nearly a year negotiating with the government for permission to introduce squirrels to Newfoundland.

And then there is Wilbur. St. John's children had never seen a live reindeer and, one Christmas, Cutty decided Bowring's should buy one. The Quebec zoo agreed to send her Wilbur; then couldn't find a shipping company willing to transport him. Cutty wheedled a ship's captain into letting Wilbur make the trip in his cabin.

Wilbur was a great success. Then he disappeared Christmas Eve. An announcement said he was off to the North Pole to guide Santa to Newfoundland. After Christmas he asked if the St. John's children would like to see him make his permanent quarters in Bowring Park.

Wilbur is a Park resident now, as are the squirrels and the other assorted animals Cutty has introduced. In fact, if Bowring's continues to give its live display animals to the Park at its present rate, St. John's will soon have its first real zoo.

Born in Saskatchewan in the 1920's, Cutty weighed 2½ lbs. at birth. Her engineer father, H. Forbes-Roberts, took one look at her and said, "Cutty", a Scottish word for anything small. To this he added "Sark", and until she was at school and rebelled, she continued to be identified with the famous racing clipper, then in its heyday.

After her marriage, she lived for a short time in the U.S.; found time to take a commercial art course. A few years ago she brought her children to visit her parents, who had moved to St. John's. Then she and Bowring's came together, and Bowring's hasn't been the same since. She started off with an auction of new goods—washing machines, refrigerators and fur coats. The police had to be called in to control the mobs. Right in the middle of the wild scramble was Cutty herself. And she was so carried away with her own publicity, she found herself bidding on a fur cape she didn't need.

Cutty has also coped with three baby bears, "leprechauns" singing Irish songs in the windows on St. Patrick's Day, and Easter chicks, hatched in an incubator that she insisted was mechanically arranged to deliver a daily quota of chicks.

Probably the fact she has three children of her own accounts for much of the success of her promotions. Children who come to see what is in Bowring's windows bring parents along — to shop, Cutty hopes. And usually she isn't disappointed.

IRIS POWER

Lighter Side

"See You at the Coronation"

We stood waiting for a street-car while a mad April wind raced through the streets. But Miss A. ignored the signs of spring. "And I suppose you'd open the schools to Communist meetings," she was saying.

"As long as the Communist Party is recognized as legal," I said.

"Then it should be made illegal," Miss A. said.

"You must recognize," I said, "that the next step to suppressing Communist groups is the suppression of any group that advocates lawful assembly. Voltaire has pointed out—"

"Oh, I'm sick to death of Voltaire," Miss A. said.

The street-car came along, and we crowded aboard and found two seats in the back of the car. "There is nothing to be gained by driving it underground," I pointed out. "After all, the visible flea is preferable to the invisible hookworm."

The passenger next to Miss A. rose and bowed courteously. "Take my seat," he said.

"I have a seat," Miss A. snapped.

"Take mine anyway," the passenger urged. He was a well-dressed, middle-aged man and he carried, carefully cradled in one arm, a shallow glass bowl, partly filled with water and containing two small mud turtles. He looked like a Man of Distinction a little the worse for over-endorsement of his product. He now bent over Miss A. "Has it occurred to you," he said, "that these two little turtles will probably be alive when you and I are buried under atomic dust? The turtle will survive, and perhaps the cockroach."

The Man of Distinction leaned down toward Miss A's averted ear. "I meant to ask you, do you intend to attend the Coronation?" he asked.

"Ignore him!" Miss A. murmured tensely.

He cradled the turtle bowl in the other arm and seemed to reflect. Then he said, "My Mother, drunk or sober, my Mother," and sat down with such suddenness that one of the turtles was flung into Miss A.'s lap.

The Man of Distinction rescued the turtle and whipping out a snowy handkerchief, patted Miss A.'s knee. Then he sat back, smiling moistly. "Are you, too, fond of England?" he asked.

"I am fond of England," Miss A. said, "but I am not fond of people who throw mud turtles in my lap while under the influence of alcohol."

"A discriminating mind," the Man of Distinction said admiringly. Miss A. looked at him thoughtfully.

"It is a great pity," she said, not unkindly, "to see a man of your age and respectability in such a condition."

"The claw of the sea-puss," the Man of Distinction said sorrowfully. He reflected a moment, then he said more cheerfully, "but we were speaking of Communism. You are quite right, Madam, in describing it as the curse of the century. It is the opium of the godless, the religion of the untruth, the half-truth, and anything but the truth."

"That is very well put," Miss A. said approvingly, and added, "yet there are people, so-called Liberal Thinkers, who still believe that Communists should be allowed to spread their subversive ideas under the pretext of free speech."

"Then the Liberal Thinkers should be suppressed," said the Man of Distinction and made a wide gesture with his turtle bowl. "Oh, pardon me Madam. Did I—?"

"Only a drop," Miss A. said, "it won't hurt a bit."

"Wrong is wrong, right is right, and left is left," said the Man of Distinction. "You can't get around that." He made another large gesture. "As you so well put it, liberalism is the curse of the century."

Miss A. laughed, in high good humor. "Maybe I'd better hold the turtle-bowl," she said.

He placed the bowl in her lap. "Keep them," he said, "they are yours."

"Oh no, really," Miss A. said, "I couldn't dream—"

"Keep them," the Man of Distinction insisted. "I should like to think of them as yours." He glanced out the window and wildly pulled the bell-cord. "Coming!" he cried to the conductor. "Hold everything." But half-way down the aisle he paused and came back. "Something I wanted to ask you," he said, "are you going to the Coronation?"

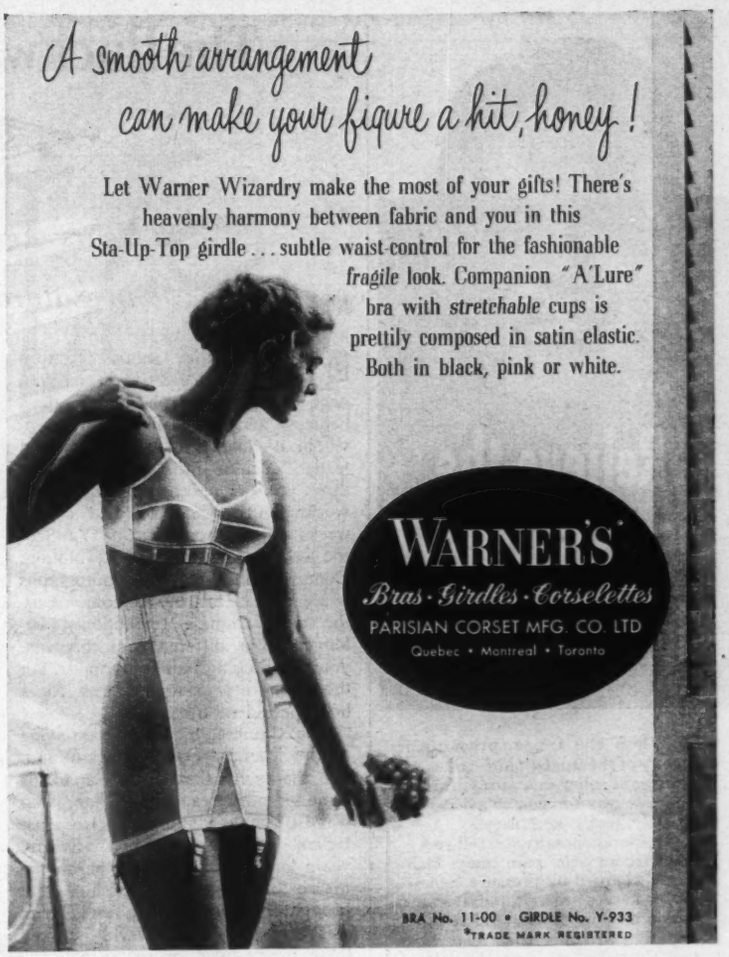
"I'm afraid not," Miss A. said, "much as I should like—"

"A great pity," said the Man of Distinction and turned and plunged down the aisle. At the doorway he waved back. "See you at the Coronation!" he cried and disappeared. I turned to Miss A. "Well, really—" I began.

"It is always a wonderful pleasure," Miss A. said thoughtfully, "to encounter a strong and logical masculine intelligence."

"Well really," I had been about to say, "to pick up a drunk in a street-car and let him make you a present of a pair of mud turtles!" But Miss A.'s face above her unexpected gift was so radiant that the comment died. "Turtles are wonderful company," I said.

MARY LOWREY ROSS.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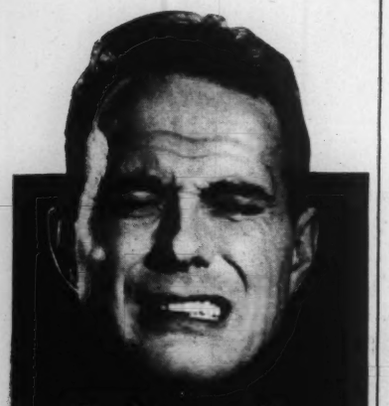

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● When the tense, pressing agony of rheumatic pain strikes, you want relief *in a hurry*. And here's a way for you to get it—*quickly, easily, effectively*.

Doctors generally will tell you that rheumatic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become tender and swollen. If you suffer that torture, get blessed relief—*fast*—by rubbing Absorbine Jr. on the sore, swollen areas.

Absorbine Jr. actually helps to *counteract* the pressure which may be causing your misery. It quickly warms and soothes those throbbing pain spots.

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The Backward Glance

28 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE SATURDAY NIGHT of April 18, 1925, featured on its first page the frowning photograph of a bellicose and bemedalled young man, whom it called "the famous Fascist leader" Benito Mussolini. On page three was the photograph of another world figure who had died a few weeks earlier of cancer: Sun Yat-Sen, the leader of the Chinese Revolution. Contained in these two photographs is a cameo of history. To some of us, the dead Chinese revolutionist belonged to a different era than the young and rising Italian journalist, but there they are, contemporaries for a brief period of time.

The Chinese, by his overthrowing of the Manchu Dynasty, set in motion the events that led to Canadians fighting in Korea. The Italian, who was to hang ingloriously from an Italian partisan meat-hook twenty years later, to the month, began the march of rightist dictatorships that brought on World War Two. There was the space of a world between these men's lives, and a world also between their ambitions and ideas, but how many of us, twenty-eight years ago, thought that either of them would influence us as they have?

The photographs of Sun Yat-Sen and Mussolini are joined, one to the other, by historical chance, and strangely enough another picture, on page 7, is joined to both. This one shows a young woman walking down an English street holding by the hand her little son. The young woman is Beatrice Lillie and the little boy is her son, who was to be killed later, fighting in the Far East in the Royal Navy during the Second World War.

RAYMOND MASSEY had achieved success in London with his production of *Tunnel Trench*, in which he also acted. The Hart House String Quartet announced its first transcontinental tour, which was to take place the following fall and winter. Walter Woolf and Fay Bainter were appearing in Victor Herbert's *The Dream Girl*, and Norma Talmadge was playing in the movie version of *The Lady*.

The book page was given over to poetry, and a new edition of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* was reviewed, along with *The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics*, compiled by Laurence Binyon. Another anthology was *The Best Poems of* 1924, and among the works chosen for it were poems by Edmund Blunden, Robert Graves, A. E. Coppard, Carl Sandburg, Edith Sitwell, Conrad Aiken, Walter de la Mare, Mark Van Doren and Edgar Lee Masters. The only Canadian represented was John Freeman.

The advertisement of the Canada Life Assurance Co. began by saying, "To become wealthy is an ambition that is cherished by many." Then it gave a man's chances (circa 1925) of attaining this ambition — which weren't any better than they are today. "Of 100 average healthy men of 25 years of age, one only will end up wealthy at 65, four will be well-to-do (that's the one-Cadillac class, we presume), five will be compelled to go on working for a living, 36 will be dead, and the other 54 will be dependent on friends, relatives or charity." But how about the ones who will play bingo or buy sweepstake tickets?

And here's something we'll bet you've forgotten in the last 28 years — *Canada Dry does not contain capsicum*. We looked it up for you, and it means red pepper. Personally, we've always wanted our ginger ale to contain nothing but ginger ale and occasionally rye, in about a fifty-fifty solution.

The Forhan's tooth-paste ad was filled with warnings against pyorrhea, and showed the picture of five people, four of whom were ready to be sent off to the leper colony any day unless they brushed their teeth. (Or was it their gums in 1925?) We defy anybody from Mr. Forhan down to tell us which of the five *didn't* have pyorrhea, but we're sure that it wasn't that bobbed-haired flapper in the middle. We knew a girl who looked just like her in 1925 and *she* had no teeth at all.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co., which has always been noted for its Cockney stewards, white-painted ships, hotels that look like French chateaus, ice water and Banff, made a splash with its lyric advertising copy. In an advertisement about a world cruise of the *Empress of Scotland* some unknown slave of the advertising muse wrote, "See This World Before the Next". That, to us, is a better come-on than the present day fuss and bother about outside staterooms, diesel engines or shuffleboard. The guy who wrote that must have moved up to a top position by now, and we'll bet he's not one of the 54 men of 65 years of age who are living on charity today.

WE DON'T know what was behind it, but the United Cigar Stores were running a two-column ad reiterating that they were a Canadian company, and they said, "In spite of the fact that we have made the above announcement in the newspapers many times during the past few years, there are still a number of people who believe otherwise." O'Keefe's were still in the ginger ale business in 1925, and the famous York Springs water was going into this concoction rather than bolstering headier brews. You could buy an Essex two-door sedan for $1225 or a 1924 second-hand Rolls-Royce for only $15,000. Hotpoint electric irons sold at $5.50 and you could get a Frigidaire freezing unit installed in your old ice-burner if you wanted to keep up with the Jones's, or if your wife had had a spat with the iceman.

Paavo Nurmi was touring Canada, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain had her photo in the Women's Section, and a smart spring hat, featured under fashions, was big enough to hold a scuttle of bituminous coal or serve as a nest for a family of jackrabbits.

The big news in the Financial Section dealt with the restoration of the gold standard and the building of the Peace River Railway. Under Gold & Dross, B.X. of Williamsford, Ont., asked about the Brooks Steamer automobile and J.B. of Toronto was told to forget his holdings in Ontario Anthracite Coal. P.S. of Orillia seemed to be worried about some stock he held in some mining property in Northern Ontario. Gold & Dross told him not to be too concerned about Lake Shore, Noranda or McIntyre-Porcupine Mines. Which reminds us that it's about time we went out and clipped a few coupons of our own.

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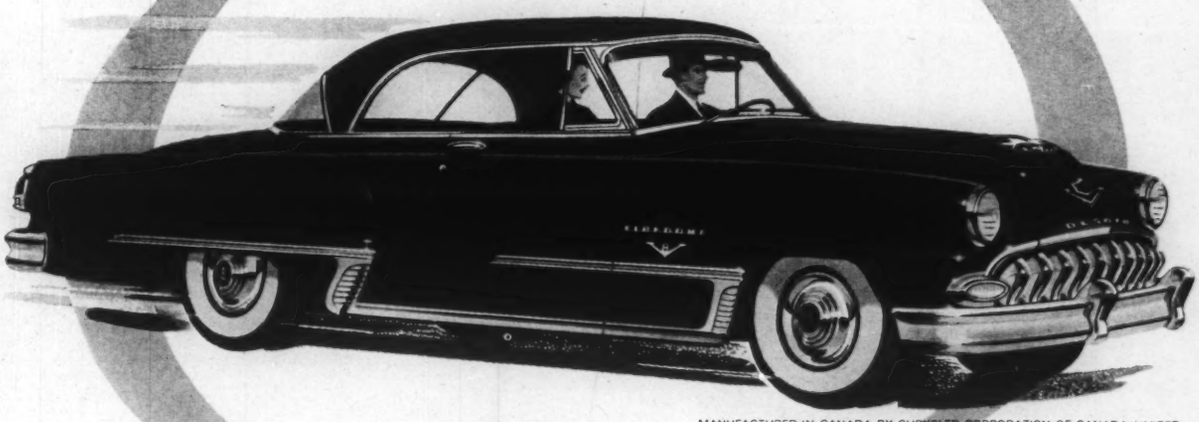

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